★ JOHN BULL, MAY 3, 1941.

JOHN BULL

2½D

VOL. LXIX 1820

AIR RAIDS! £2,150 MORE CLAIMS PAID

CALLING ALL BUILDERS! By The EDITOR

MUSSO'S GUNMAN: EXCLUSIVE DISCLOSURES

OXYDOL LIVELY LATHER WASHES QUICKER
-AND SAVES YOU MONEY TOO!

OXYDOL

You can buy Oxydol everywhere, 1/-, 6d. & 3½d. Remember, Oxydol is triple-tested.

THOMAS HEDLEY AND COMPANY LIMITED, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE AND MANCHESTER

Phosferine has made another man of me

"I used to be sleepless and I now enjoy a full night's sleep and feel energetic, besides, it makes me bright and helps me very much in my work which is all brain work, as I study science and mathematics. I was threatened with rheumatism and nervous breakdown, but thanks to Phosferine, colds and rationed food do not bother me. I always feel energetic and healthy."
—from A.S.O., of Leeds.

10 drops will buck you up!

Within 15 minutes you will begin to feel the benefit. Every succeeding dose will continue to put back what ill-health and overwork take out of you—strength, energy, vitality.

Ask your Chemist for a bottle, today.

PHOSFERINE
Brand
THE GREATEST OF ALL TONICS

TABLETS OR LIQUID, 1/5, 3/5 & 5/8 (Inc. Purch. Tax).

Two Tablets equal ten drops of Liquid. The 3/5 size is nearly four times the 1/5 size; you save 2/-.

WARNING. The public is warned against purchasing worthless imitations.

HAVE YOU A BAD LEG?

Have you open wounds that send you nearly mad with pain? Is your leg raw, sore, inflamed and burning? Have you varicose veins causing swelling, tiredness, heaviness and pain?

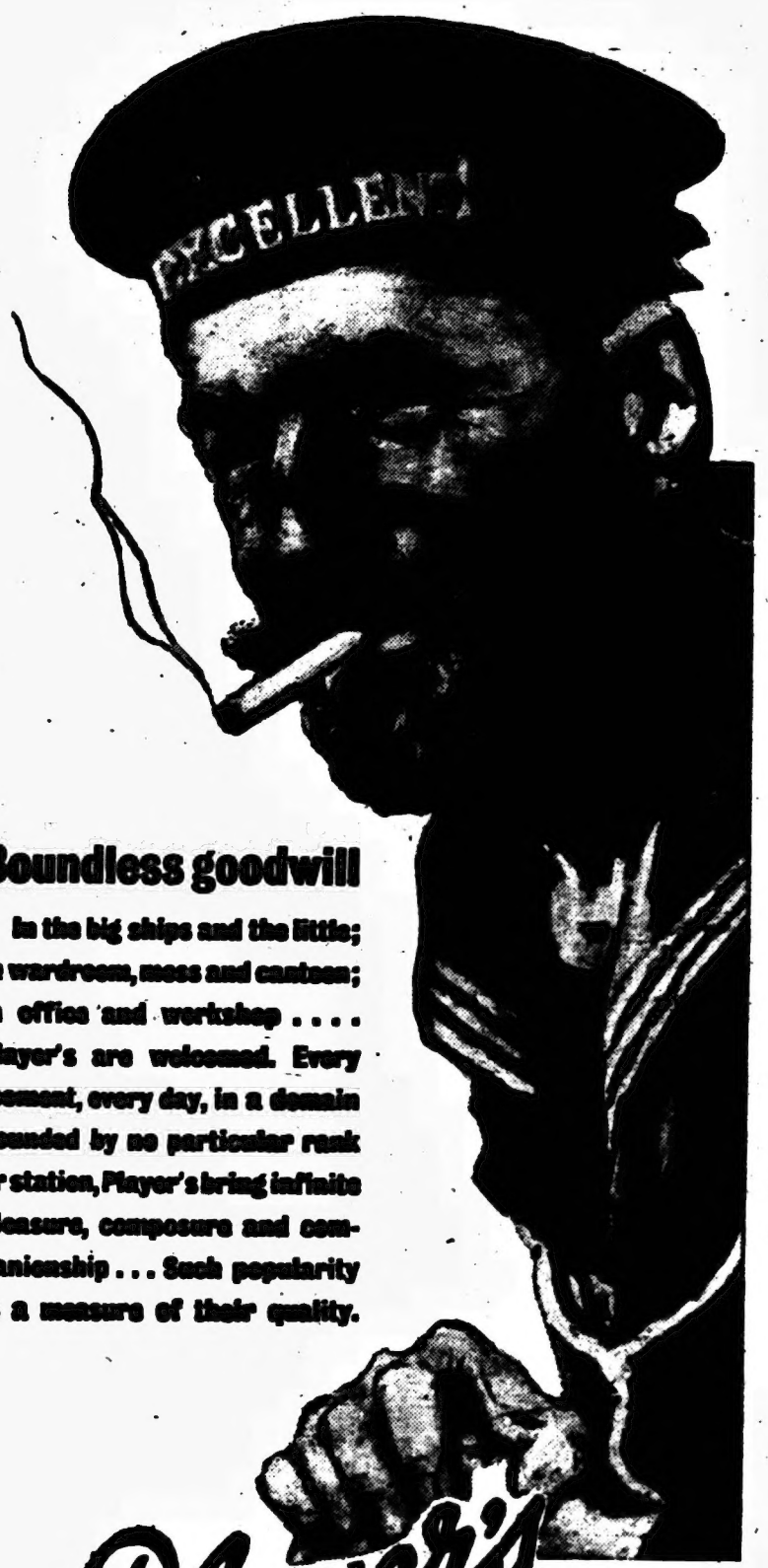
SUFFER NO LONGER!

Know now as an indisputable truth there is a powerful treatment far beyond all others which will quickly get your painful ulcerated sore and inflamed leg sound and well. Yours to-day is the choice of pain or ease, festering wounds and ulcers or sound and healthy legs. The cure you have sought for years is here now! Grasp the great opportunity. Throw away that old rag or plaster—those useless odds and ends that never cure. A new vista opens out for you. A great Treatment for Bad Legs unlike anything you have ever had or known before, is here to cure your leg trouble.

STOP THAT PAIN!

Get a new sound healthy leg. Have treatment which heals wounds, cures ulcers, relieves pain, kills itching, banishes irritation, reduces swelling, and relieves unbearable heaviness and tiredness of the legs. This powerful individual home treatment has earned the blessings of thousands now happily cured. The same happy results await you. No matter how bad your leg is, nor how long you have suffered, nor what remedies have failed you—WRITE TO-DAY. A Valuable Album and Illustrated Publication, teeming with sound advice on Bad Legs, will be sent you FREE. Address your letter or post card:

NATIONAL INFIRMARY FOR BAD LEGS, Ward B.L.
Great Cloowes St., Broughton, Manchester, 7



Boundless goodwill

In the big ships and the little; in wardroom, mess and canteen; in office and workshop .... Player's are welcomed. Every moment, every day, in a domain bounded by no particular rank or station, Player's bring infinite pleasure, composure and companionship ... Such popularity is a measure of their quality.

Player's Please

★ It is now more than ever necessary to empty your packet at the time of purchase and leave it with your Tobacconist.

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES MEDIUM OR MILD PLAIN OR CORK TIP

MCC 5488

WORRY FLOODS STOMACH WITH ACID

Doctors have found that during periods of nerve tension, worry, or threat of danger, a rush of excess acid floods the stomach. This excess acid does not increase your digestive powers—it works just the other way. It soaks quickly into the stomach's contents, so that the food you have eaten sours and ferments and turns into a lumpy, tough mass. Now if these periods of anxiety constantly recur, you may be heading for chronic trouble.

Don't let this dangerous condition get the better of you—don't even let it get started. Wherever you are—whatever you are doing—take two 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets immediately you feel your stomach 'turn over.' 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets will instantly kill the excess acid and calm and soothe the stomach nerves.

'Milk of Magnesia' is the safe, sure brand of antacid doctors have been recommending for years, because they can rely on it doing its job.

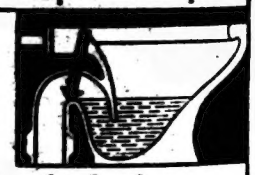
Get these pleasant mint flavoured 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets today. Obtainable everywhere in handy tins. 7d. and 1 1½d. Carry a tin with you always (no water needed). Also family sizes 2/3d. and 3/11½d. (Including Purchase Tax). Be sure to ask for 'MILK of Magnesia' which is the registered trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

TO CLEAN THE LAVATORY

1

Sprinkle Harpic into the pan

2



It reaches this bend...

3

Flush the pan. It's clean and sanitary.

IT'S good to know that the lavatory can be kept spotless easily and quickly just by Harpic. Harpic is specially made for the lavatory. It cleans, disinfects and deodorises, leaves the bowl glistening. Harpic is sold in new easy-flow tins at 6d., 1/- and 1/9.

HARPIC for the lavatory

HARPIC MFG. CO. LTD., HULL AND LONDON

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, May 3, 1941
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true"

CONVOY

● **Big war moves will come from the United States sooner than you think.**

There is a Convoy plan, though the word "convoy" is barred by Mr. Roosevelt. "Escort" is preferred, so as not to frighten those Americans who think that U.S. convoys would start a U.S. war.

This is the scheme: Uncle Sam's warships will escort munition ships to Greenland. British warships will take charge of them from Greenland to Britain.

For that purpose—not for fear of possible Nazi aggression—Greenland recently became an American "defence zone," much to Hitler's fury.

United States admirals prefer this plan to passing over more destroyers for Britain. They might need those destroyers in the Pacific one day.

And the plan, though it may be postponed, will not be shelved. The President is anxious to move as quickly as public opinion will permit.

If he is held up long, he will send us 200,000 tons of merchant shipping a month. We have already asked for it; American experts have told him that it can be done.

But Roosevelt is not likely to be delayed because the big bulk of opinion wants bold action.

Straight from the Shoulder

SIX MONTHS' HARD

BATTLE of the Atlantic. Suez. Gibraltar. Invasion—all these demand our attention. But what happens in Britain is even more vital.

Too much is happening here to impede our battles abroad.

Life-lines

A year ago we would have been starved into subjection had our life-lines to the Empire been cut.

Now Hitler must cut our lines across the Atlantic as well.

He is trying to do so—with even more intensity than his *panzer* divisions had swept through the Balkans.

Atlantic Storms

The Battle of the Atlantic is not going Hitler's way.

Fine ships, heavily laden, are being lost with their brave crews.

There will be further losses, tragedies we cannot afford.

But the U-boats, too, are losing. They are not sinking *enough* ships to turn the tide against us, and are themselves being sunk.

Careful Assurance

We are *winning* the Atlantic campaign, the First Lord of the Admiralty assures us.

And Alexander chooses his words carefully.

Hitler will not win at sea. We know he cannot win in the air.

Undaunted

He has sought to raze our cities from the air as preparation for invasion. We know the damage done.

We also know that he has not broken our spirit.

And we know that the R.A.F. is crippling his war centres.

When we reach parity in the air, our attacks will make the *Luftwaffe's* efforts seem puny.

Something to Remember

"Ah, but he always wins on land," some folk bewail.

Yet our troops have inflicted hard knocks on the Nazis in Libya, after capturing the Italian army and causing terrific losses to the Germans in Greece.

Give them an answer to the *panzer* armour, and they will shame the arm-chair critics.

Fair Play

Our troops fighting abroad are not unarmed. But they could do with more equipment.

Our troops at home, waiting for action, would welcome more tanks and guns.

Read what the Army's supply chief says: "We are not short of equipment. But I do not say we have everything we want."

Unless he gets everything he wants, our Army cannot face the enemy on equal terms.

Rifles Not Enough

In less than a year we have not only made good the disastrous loss of equipment in Flanders.

We have armed the Home Guard—a million and three-quarters strong. But their rifles should be supplemented by more modern weapons.

Another big effort will give them Tommy guns, anti-tank devices, and artillery.

He's Upset

In less than a year, moreover, the weapons we have made have smashed Hitler's plans.

More weapons will, beyond any doubt, smash Hitlerism itself.

Every step to increase our food production, to reduce waste at home or in the workshop, enables us to bring more weapons across the Atlantic to aid our own production.

Salmon Leaps

Befurred women queue up in London's West End to buy smoked salmon at 15s. a pound.

Before demanding that the Government should "stop it," remember this:

Most people, whatever their means, still indulge in luxuries. The money, if lent to the State, would help to win battles and perhaps save Service men's lives.

Save Our Soil

A rich landlord, Earl Winterton, has spoken bluntly about the number of big estates not fully cultivated.

BUT ALL OF THEM ARE SMALL IN COMPARISON TO THE VAST TRACTS OF WEED-RIDDEN AND MARSHY LAND THAT ARE STILL NEGLECTED.

Too late for this season's cropping, their drainage must none the less be started now. And it is not too late for private citizens to Dig for Victory.

Fortress Home

Selfish householders object to accommodating war workers and families from danger areas.

They must be made to realise that their home cannot be their castle in war time. It must be a fortress.

Every house that saves children from bombs, or shelters industrial fighters, is a defence against the enemy.

Shame the Slackers

Industry's millions are doing a grand job. But a few thousands are cheating the clock.

Their comrades should despise these slackers. They should also fire them by their example and shame them by scorn.

They should themselves seek to better their previous best.

Offensive Action

They must be reinforced by further millions. Unnecessary trades must be scaled down to the barest minimum.

Inconvenience, even hardship, will result.

We must be realistic enough to accept such changes as an imperative stage in our struggle.

We cannot take the offensive without the weapons that only a much greater industrial army can provide.

Raise the Scaffolding!

This revolution in industry depends upon the speed with which we can build new factories and adapt old ones.

More bricks will have to be made, more foundations laid, more scaffolding erected, than ever before, as we explain on page 5.

Take Your Choice

Is not a supreme effort worth while?

The alternative is this, and this alone: Delay that will increase our difficulties and court defeat; delay that must increase bloodshed and misery.

There is no "if" in this grim choice.

We'll Beat Them

Mr. Bevin says we shall overtake Germany's rate of production next July.

From then on, our ascendancy will increase month by month.

By the end of August our own enormous output and supplies from the U.S.A. and the Dominions will begin to overwhelm the best that Hitler can do.

Half a Year Onward

Until then we shall continue to be heavily pressed.

We must face grave perils. We cannot hope to avoid vicious blows. As long as the war lasts there will still be sweat and toil.

We are sentenced to four months' hard labour. Let us be prepared for the worst and make it six months!

Job for the Coroner

Some of us are already working as hard as human endurance will allow. Some, not all.

Most of us could do just a little more. Even now we are not yet on a full war basis.

So let us ask ourselves some straight questions.

Better the Best!

Are we all working hard enough, saving enough? Is there a single one of us who could not do just a bit more and give a bit more?

The struggle in Britain's homes and workshops will decide the war, NOT the aid reaching us from the United States.

Unless we realise this, we shall be beaten.

Help Yourselves

That is why the Battle of the Atlantic, though more important than the battles of the Middle East, is not so vital as the war effort at home.

We MUST mobilise our full resources. We MUST help ourselves. We MUST surpass our previous best.

Do this, and we shall confirm the assurances of our leaders and reach the path of final victory.

(Continued overleaf)

£2,150 AIR RAID INSURANCE CLAIMS PAID THIS WEEK

A FREE AIR RAID INSURANCE POLICY—Underwritten at Lloyd's
FOR EVERY READER **See Page 7**

Behind the News

● **Failure to complete Nazi thrust into Egypt has upset Hitler's plans much more than he dares admit. Attempt is now highly hazardous owing to hot season, with its serious water problems and "hot" Navy watch on sea communications.**

● *In Libya itself, Nazi prisoners admit open depression. They blame the destruction of supplies and fortifications by the withdrawing British. Nazis expected to use them!*

● Despite Jap-Soviet neutrality pact and German successes in Balkans, Tokio is still strongly resisting Hitler's demand for immediate entry into the war.

● **Yugoslav "free" forces are being organised in the U.S.A. and money is plentiful. Some warships and 300,000 tons of merchant shipping have escaped Nazi control.**

● *Sidelight on worsening of Nazi-Soviet relations: German agents promising Finland the return of Karelia; Iran warned against Russia; Rumania told that Moscow's grab of Bessarabia is main cause of internal troubles and food shortage.*

● But Russia is carefully watching every Nazi move, knowing that new German map shows Ukraine as vital German "living space."

● **Communist Party, backed by Moscow, is countering Nazi anti-Russian propaganda in the Balkans.**

● *Howl of rage from Germany at arrival of Imperial Forces in Iraq hides deep anxiety about future oil supplies. As war proceeds, Nazis will need at least three times as much oil as they can get from all their present sources.*

● As more and more Reich war factories are moved east to escape R.A.F., the greater is Czech sabotage. Death sentence is now ordered for entire families of people found guilty, but the sabotage goes on.

● **Poles are setting fire to farms cultivated by Nazis, with loss of large stocks of foodstuffs urgently required by Germany this summer.**

● *Nervousness at excessive losses of the best Nazi troops in the Balkans explains attempt to ease French situation so that occupation reserves may be drawn on without danger to themselves.*

STRAIGHT from the SHOULDER

(Continued from preceding page)

NEARLY all the broadcast stations of the Continent are under German control.

From Oslo to Sofia, 157 transmitters spout out the Nazi doctrine.

From Deutschlandsender and Bremen, from Hamburg and Berlin, the ranting of Goebbels drowns the gentle accents of Duff-Cooper.

Helping Victory

With more powerful plant we could and should deepen the sullenness of Italians.

We could stiffen the opposition of the conquered peoples to German rule.

Let us build better stations.

Object Lesson

German programmes are good.

They provide excellent light music. They include great music superbly played by the Berlin and Vienna Philharmonic Orchestras.

The B.B.C. should learn from their virtues. Our foreign broadcasts should offer the best entertainment.

Blundering Jerry

German psychology is bad.

It results in clumsy propaganda and fatuous blunders. It was hardly more stupid than usual when Lancashire folk were urged to demonstrate against the visit of Mr. Wendell Willkie.

The B.B.C. will not make such blunders. But its foreign services, though improved, are not yet artful enough or frank enough.

Making It Clear

We must artfully stimulate the growing German war-weariness.

Not by criticism of Hitler. But by dwelling on American aid for Britain. By repetitions of unwelcome news for Germany.

We must be franker in broadcasts to our friends. More up-to-the-moment news from Norway and Holland and Belgium must be given to the people in those countries.

Speed the Sword

This is a war of swift movement. The right use of news can make it swifter still.

It can hasten Hitler's doom. The cracks in his ramshackle empire can be forced open, his subjects' morale sapped, by the clever use of facts and opinions.

Let us at last seize his own weapon of Propaganda!

Saving the Situation

London's new salvage corps is now in action, has saved goods worth thousands of pounds in two raids. From now on, therefore, the after-bombing situation should become easier.

The force will eventually consist of 600 firemen and cost £109,260 a year.

Wet Rot

But its efforts will be wasted unless the goods saved are quickly removed to storage.

Furniture from houses bombed weeks ago is being left to perish by the weather and fresh raids.

Compensation will be paid, of course—but why add to the taxpayers' bill?

Local councils should commandeer empty property for temporary storage.

Sold Out

The Minister of Food is being asked to ration all foodstuffs.

Leisured housewives who can shop early—or send their servants to do so—snap up supplies. When working women get there the cupboard is bare.

If shopkeepers reserve supplies for workers, suspicion of favouritism arises.

Little Men Get Little

Favouritism in distribution still hits the small trader.

Shopkeeper went into the café of a Birmingham cinema, saw seventeen 3-lb. cases of chocolates and nineteen single pounds. His own supply has been reduced to 35s. worth of chocolate every two months.

Down the Drain

As for food waste, fifty cows sold in a Devon market the other day were milked by order of an inspector and the milk thrown away.

Fifty gallons wasted per market day seems to be the average. Is it really necessary?

Rats!

Most prolific wasters are rats. They cost us £75,000,000 a year, Professor Hogarth reminds us.

He is angry because a ratcatcher admitted in court that rats were deliberately allowed to breed. Unfortunately, Professor, ratcatchers are paid per rat destroyed—the more they allow to be born, the more they eventually earn.

JOHN BULL is angry because local councils are still too lazy to use the Rats Act, despite the urgent need to save food.

Rent Robbery

Not many councils, too, take the Minister of Health's advice to prosecute rent profiteers.

"We can't afford the cost of prosecuting," they say. Indeed? But the areas where the scandal is rife are those made richer by the influx of evacuees.

Our advice to victims: Worry the councils all you can. Advice to the Minister of Health: Threaten them with a loss of State grants unless they do their job. (*See Page* 10.)

Skinflints

Truth is, many councils are too intent on hugging their moneybags to think twice about other people's hardships.

A London magistrate has castigated Messrs. Spiers and Pond for paying only 45s. a week to "a very reliable and honest man" who has been in their service for sixteen years.

What does he think of Abingdon Borough, which has granted wage increases to two chief officials but denies adequate scales to the others?

One man, handling tens of thousands of pounds, gets £65 a year!

Master of Parts!

Higher council officers, of course, generally get the plums. We know of one who is:

Clerk to the Urban District Council (full-time). Clerk to the hospital committee. A.R.P. chief. Food Executive Officer. Clerk to the Burial Board, the Assessment Committee, the Electricity Committee, the War Savings Committee, the Sub-Pensions Committee.

Wait a bit—he is also secretary to a comforts fund. *And* National Registration Officer.

We understand that he has no time to Dig for Victory.

On the Scrapheap

Some ex-Servicemen have too much time. A man who left the Army recently has tried in vain to get a job in firms that are appealing urgently for labour.

Directly the managers know he has been discharged for reasons of health they wish him Good Morning.

There are rehabilitation schemes for discharged soldiers, certainly, but they should be extended to cover every man who leaves the Forces.

Valets in Uniform

Gunners stationed at a very muddy Scottish post have to parade every morning with boots and clothes spick and span. Very desirable, of course, but not very easy because of the mud.

To crown all, they have been ordered to press their clothes each night.

They would much rather be pressing the Germans, or at least have some real work to do.

Frowning Foreman

As we have said before, it depends on the commanding officer whether his company is not only kept up to scratch, but kept contented.

While criticising the Army, let us remember that the same human problems are common in industry.

A munitions worker had worked for eleven months on T.N.T. powder and her health began to suffer. It was not improved by a two-mile walk home along a hilly road in bad weather and blackout.

She asked for transfer to a nearer section of the vast factory. A frowning foreman curtly refused; she was told she must stay or give up her job entirely—which she did.

Contrast

Her sister, working in another department, made the same request. Her foreman at once agreed with a kindly word about the difficulties of getting home.

Such contrasts affect our war effort. Employers and foremen, please note.

Reward for Service

Shipping managers, also, need to think about men as well as jobs.

A vessel sprang a leak in Mid-Atlantic. Its crew were adrift for six days. Half of them abandoned the ship, the rest managed to bring her into port under tow.

On arrival, they asked for a few days' leave. They were told they would have to sacrifice their pay if they did so.

More, not less, Government control seems necessary.

Turned Away

Even some minor Government officials need to be more accommodating.

Two Essex girls, unemployed for months, learned of vacancies at a war factory. Given green introductory cards by their local exchange, they conformed to regulations by reporting at the exchange nearest the factory.

A woman clerk snatched the cards, scrawled "No Vacancies" across them, and turned away.

Comments of the girls, who had wasted shillings and hours, can be imagined.

CALLING ALL BUILDERS!

EVERY stage of the war, from Norway to Greece, has proved that patriotism is not enough.

Everywhere our Forces have fought they have shown themselves better—man to man—than the enemy.

But courage is not enough.

It must be backed by adequate arms and armour. It must be made easier by the finest equipment that the mind can devise and the hands make.

More tanks. More anti-tank rifles. More guns. More bombs and bombers, more ships to carry them!

That is still our greatest need. **AND IT CANNOT BE MET UNTIL WE HAVE MORE FACTORIES.**

Munition workers toil at top speed by day and night. There would be more of them if there were more munition factories.

Aircraft production reaches a new high level every month. It would out-soar our highest hopes if we had more 'plane factories.

Yes, new factories are being built. But not fast enough, not in great enough numbers to assure us of speedy victory over the well-armed and desperate foe.

SO NOW, BEFORE HIS WEIGHT OF ARMOUR CAN PUSH US FROM YET ANOTHER COUNTRY, BRITAIN MUST LAUNCH THE GREATEST BUILDING DRIVE IN ALL HISTORY.

Without Fear or Favour

★

By THE EDITOR

The plans are ready. We have the money and the men.

The call to action is sounding. The building trade becomes our front line.

If that line is broken, the war's end will be deferred, and disasters come to deepen our difficulties.

It must not be broken. It must not be weakened by muddle or stupidity.

Let us be frank. Our building programme has been delayed in the past, and the delays have impaired our war effort.

We have all been at fault—the trade itself, the Government, and the public.

Private citizens have thoughtlessly called the builders from vital work.

"Mr. Jones, send your men round to patch up my porch." "Mr. Smith, I want my sitting-room re-papered."

But Mr. Jones and Mr. Smith should be helping to build factories for shells and Spitfires.

The Government's building programme must take precedence. Your sitting-room wallpaper will last until Business as Usual can be restored.

The Government itself has been at fault.

For a long time it perpetuated the wicked "cost-plus" system of contracts.

BIG BUILDERS, ASSURED OF THEIR PROFITS, HAD NO INCENTIVE TO HURRY.

That folly has been ended. Another obstacle to quick results must be prevented.

It is the wickedly difficult hurdle of "priorities."

Building materials must be given pride of place. Their manufacture, their transport, their use, should be reckoned as all-important.

The building trade has done well, certainly, despite adverse conditions. It can do even better now.

Some employers, in their anxiety to obey the Government's demand for urgency, recruited more men than were necessary for a job.

Muddle, not efficiency, resulted from too big a gang.

Overlong hours of work did not achieve rapid progress. Tired workers do not work quickly.

Men floundering in mud all day need a comfortable canteen where they can have their meals.

They deserve proper transport to take them home at night. If they are working away from their home districts, they must have proper billets and a place where they can play darts or listen to the radio.

Many of them were denied these essential facilities.

Such mistakes have been heeded. The Government is determined that they shall not be repeated.

For the country cannot afford any deterrent, great or small, to the gigantic spurt needed in our war production.

It must be emphasised, again and again, that the pivot of that production is the building trade.

Its workers must increase their already fine output.

By better organisation, above all by their own efforts, their efficiency should be improved by 15 or 20 per cent. this year.

That is not too much to ask. It is not demanding the impossible.

And it will give Britain the means of success.

CONVINCE THE BUILDERS OF THIS FACT, AND THERE WILL BE NO DOUBT OF THEIR RESPONSE.

They will give of their best when they understand that they are in the very forefront of the struggle, that it rests with them whether Tommy Atkins gets the weapons with which to crush the Nazis.

They will give of their best if they work under the best possible conditions.

THERE must be smooth transport.

Shoppers must cease to crowd the rush-hour trains and 'buses. Those trains and 'buses are wanted for war workers.

There must be less petrol for joy-riding motorists.

Work must now come first, pleasure a bad second.

Canteens will be needed on every site. Leisure must be made attractive, for welfare is an essential factor of good work.

Billets must be arranged before a job is begun.

Experienced officials must negotiate with landladies so that there will be clear agreement about reasonable charges.

Then local councils should have power to requisition billets.

There will be supervision by the Ministry of Labour, of course. Mr. Bevin will not countenance discomfort for his industrial army.

Sites for new factories must be carefully chosen.

In the past costly blunders have been made.

Undrained land has delayed the erection of urgently wanted buildings.

Months, even, have been lost. Months that can never be made up, no matter how furiously the workers toil.

Measures have been taken to prevent a repetition of this folly. But let us make doubly sure.

Advice from *local* surveyors should be sought. Often these men are aware of factors that Government experts might miss.

Always, transport problems must be considered before a site is approved.

It must, wherever possible, be away from military objects that invite bombing.

Camouflage has been greatly improved. It should be used for every new war factory.

Even before building begins, again, arrangements should be made to ensure that the plant shall be laid out on labour-saving, time-saving principles.

When a job is started, no delay should be possible.

Expedite the delivery of materials. Co-ordinate supplies. Check all progress schedules. Standardise fittings!

THERE MUST BE NO CHANGE OF PLAN AS THE FACTORY RISES. WORKERS GET DISCOURAGED IF THEY HAVE TO UNDO THEIR WORK AND START AGAIN.

NOT only must new factories be built. Existing premises must be adapted.

Speed up the "rationalisation" of luxury trades. Free their works for more important business.

Convert them with maximum swiftness into arsenals of war!

But we cannot wait until they are taken over before training their staff for other duties.

The workers should finish training and be ready for war work by the time the factories are ready for them.

We must astonish ourselves and appal the enemy by the speed of our new campaign for more and better weapons.

We know it can be done.

The industrial hustle after Dunkirk was an even bigger marvel than Dunkirk.

It enabled us to stave off defeat. An even bigger effort now will assure us of victory.

An all-out building drive to-day will produce the tools of to-morrow.

It's up to the builders.

HUMAN MACHINE

Live and Learn

● Tasks that at first sight appear to be cruel compulsions frequently turn out to be among life's finest gifts.

Through the jealousy of a rival artist who induced the Pope of that time to issue the order, the world's greatest sculptor, Michaelangelo, had to spend a great deal of his time painting the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel in Rome.

He hated the work.

He protested and loudly lamented his lot.

"This is not my profession," he wrote. "I am wasting my time."

He spent four years on the task, learning the technique of the work as he went along.

When the surface of his panels became mouldy, he had all his work to do all over again.

Annoyed by his slowness, the Pope threatened to have him thrown from his scaffolding!

Yet what looked like cruel tyranny was really opportunity.

Michaelangelo produced the world's greatest masterpiece.

"Of all the palaces of art which Europe contains," wrote a critic, "there is not one more wonderful within, or with a meaner exterior, than the Sistine Chapel.

So don't judge until you can clearly see the end.

What look like burdens, tyrannies, compulsions and rigid disciplines, may yet turn out to be blessings and opportunities.

You simply can't tell.

You have to wait to see.

All you can do is to do your best. That is the best insurance for the future anyone can contrive.

OPEN LETTERS

Mr. GEOFFREY LLOYD, M.P., Secretary for Petroleum

DEAR SIR,—A traveller for a big firm of seed merchants, who has to call at hundreds of villages in nine counties, gets no more petrol than a lipstick salesman. How, then, can he help farmers Grow More Food?

Lines of cars can be seen outside dog-tracks and golf courses. Yet extra petrol is refused to people who must use their cars to get to work. How, then, can petrol be spared for joy-riders?

The rationing system is, in fact, so muddled that it needs complete overhaul. And without delay!—JOHN BULL.

Miss PEGGY BUDD, Radio and Stage Singer

DEAR PEGGY,—Guns were roaring and bombs dropped near by as you went to sing at a Bristol cabaret in aid of soldiers' comforts.

It was a heavy *blitz*, and you're only twelve, but you carried on till the end.

Of course. You've not only talent, but the spirit of your disabled ex-soldier father, who can never work again.—JOHN BULL.

LORD PORTAL, Ministry of Supply

MY LORD,—We can do better still. More, even, than the sixty shiploads of paper and enough metal to build 20,000 tanks, which, you reveal, have been salvaged from household waste.

There are some stupid householders who "can't be bothered." There are all too many local councils, as I have shown, who are too lazy to collect potential war material.

I hope, for Britain's sake, your new publicity campaign will succeed in rounding up the stragglers.—JOHN BULL.

CHIEF CENSOR, Post Office

DEAR SIR,—A private letter to an Englishwoman in the U.S.A. has been returned by censor because the writer mentioned that Jack Straw's Castle, Hampstead, had been bombed.

The rule is that such information may not be given unless it has been reported in the newspapers.

I presume, therefore, that your staff is too busy with blue pencils to read the papers, look at their pictures, or listen to the wireless news.—JOHN BULL.

ALLOTMENTS COMMITTEE, Edinburgh City Council

GENTLEMEN,—For a year, some of your allotment-holders have waited for water to be laid on. They lost nearly all their crops last year for lack of it.

You refuse to authorise the work because it would cost £25.

Such blind economania baffles me. If you cannot see that our need for home-grown food is too great to worry about a few pounds, your places should be filled by those who can.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Sir A. DUNCAN, M.P., Minister of Supply

DEAR SIR,—Your predecessor, Mr. Herbert Morrison, gave orders that time should not be wasted by giving war equipment a super-finish. But the old evil continues.

At one factory Army trench pumps are being rejected because—though good enough for use—they are perhaps a thousandth of an inch different from the specifications.

Reminded of the Ministry of Supply Order to cut out polish, the inspector retorts that he is not employed by the Ministry and will have his own way.

No doubt you'll be able to defeat his defiance.—JOHN BULL.

COUNTY COUNCIL, Staffordshire

GENTLEMEN,—Are you satisfied? Thanks to your action, A.R.P. headquarters in Stafford have been closed down and repairs to gas-masks have had to be suspended.

I do not care a jot about the reasons for this preposterous and dangerous folly.

But, in the name of the people you are supposed to safeguard, I demand a remedy without delay.—JOHN BULL.

CAPTAIN DAVID MARGESSON, M.P., Secretary of State for War

DEAR SIR,—From what uninformed source do your "military spokesmen" get their stale news and silly views?

Are they primed by Brass-Hats in Whitehall and Cairo who know more of office files than tanks?

Or are they inspired by the simple faith of veterans who last fought in the Crimean War?

They do not succeed in lulling the public into a false sense of security. The public has more sense than they are willing to believe.

But their complacency, if not dangerous, is at any rate infuriating.

They started it when the Nazis overran Norway. They switched it to the scene in Flanders. More recently, they tried to diddle us when Nazi columns swept into Libya.

And we are sick of them. We want neither bubbling optimism nor humming-and-hawing.

We have a right to demand frank comment based on up-to-date news. It is our right because, despite the hard fighting overseas, people at home are still in the front line.

The war is the concern of us all, not the private affair of the War Office.

We should have the facts, good or bad, interpreted by first-rate military men.

The President of the United States holds regular Press conferences. Why should our responsible generals—and even yourself—not condescend to give authoritative information when the occasion arises?—JOHN BULL.

The MAYOR, Southend-on-Sea

DEAR SIR,—Fantastic but not funny is how I view your council's refusal to allow a park-keeper to join the Home Guard, lest his work should suffer.

Perhaps you imagine a bunch of pansies would be more useful than a rifle if invasion came.

I doubt if the citizens of your exposed town will think so.—JOHN BULL.

The MAGISTRATES, Ilfracombe

YOUR WORSHIPS,—A much-needed warning to the selfish should be conveyed by the £15 fine you imposed on a woman who refused to accept child evacuees.

Though she produced a medical certificate of heart trouble, she is apparently fit enough to look after three men.

This medical certificate dodge has been rife in many areas for months, as I have reported.—JOHN BULL.

INSURANCE COMMITTEE, Nottingham

GENTLEMEN,—What horrible proof you provide of an old scandal—the scandal of the callous and incompetent doctor.

Two days after he had been called, a doctor arrived at the bedside of a lad dying from consumption. He did not examine him, but told him to "get up and go out."

He prescribed medicine for "general debility"; the boy died.

You have fined him £25, but—as usual—could not disclose his name.

A doctor who fails to diagnose advanced tuberculosis is unfit to practise. At the very least, his name should be made public so that people could choose whether to place their trust in him or seek attention elsewhere.—JOHN BULL.

The MANAGER, Employment Exchange, Banbury

DEAR SIR,—A girl of eighteen, eager for war work, has been unemployed since February. Your clerks tell her each week, "Call next week."

Yet you are advertising war work for women, single or married.

Very odd! If there is an explanation, why not give it to the puzzled girl?—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. LORD BEAVERBROOK, Minister of Aircraft Production.

MY LORD,—A man on "hush-hush" work in one of our greatest bomber factories tells me of a curious lack of vigilance.

"I'm willing to gamble that you could walk in at the usual lunch hour without being challenged.

"The factory is so large that, having got in, you couldn't fail to 'amuse' yourself for a full day without anyone asking questions!"

Naturally, I don't intend to try. But I'm confident that you will investigate.—JOHN BULL.

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I have travelled in convo
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**The convoying destroyer
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**And the cordite was
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shells!**

Every man aboard ran
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Men ran forward with
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Old Jerry was Diddled!

COMMODORE G. PURSSEY PHILLIPS, in another breath-taking story of Drake's Brood, tells how a gallant crew saved their munitions ship when it was turned into a white-hot furnace by Nazi dive-bombers

ONE of the most impressive things I have ever seen at sea is a big convoy moving resolutely on its course.

I have travelled in convoy many times and have been Commodore Ship in some of them, and, believe me, it is no child's play.

There are no shore lights or radio beacons in war time. Pinprick flashes show the mark buoys; ships' lights are reduced to tiny glimmers.

Lifeboats are kept swung out ready for lowering; sometimes the ships have a kite-barrage up.

In fog or mist, ships loom up and miss you by inches—and by seamanship the Germans could never understand.

Chalked Message

The ships tack to and fro silently and simultaneously; signalling between ships is done by lamp or flags, or sometimes by a sloop running alongside with a grinning A.B. holding a blackboard on which a message is chalked.

A convoy was steaming steadily along when an aircraft appeared, flying tremendously high.

Glasses were levelled at it, but it was too small to be recognisable.

The convoying destroyer was the first to realise that something was wrong.

Its slim ack-ack guns jerked upwards like striking snakes, while sirens wailed out sudden warning to the other ships.

White puffs dotted the sky, but the diving Stuka dropped past them in a screaming crescendo and its machine-guns began to rattle.

With the devilish intuition these Germans seem to possess, it concentrated its attack on a merchant vessel carrying a valuable cargo.

As the tin-hatted seamen raced to action-stations, and the ship's little stern-chaser spat defiance at its attacker, the Stuka's bullets pinged like a hail-storm on the steel decks, and it raced away.

Behind it was a black blob growing madly bigger—and landing full on the vessel's deck.

A stupendous explosion followed, that made the ship plunge and ring like an enormous bell.

Volcano of Flames

A sudden volcano of flames gushed up out of the deck, rising more than half the height of her funnel, and spreading all over her starboard side.

Within moments, the fire became hot enough, it seemed, to melt the iron plates of the vessel's side. For it was some cordite that had taken that first explosion right in its midst.

And the cordite was surrounded by lockers packed with high-explosive shells!

Every man aboard ran forward to fight the fire. In less time than seemed humanly possible, the silver streams from a score of hoses were hissing into the roaring flames.

Men ran forward with a gallantry that defies description—ran forward till their clothes were scorched and powdered, and their boots cracked, and their eyebrows vanished into lines of sooty ash—so as to direct the water where it must go if the whole ship was not to vanish in one terrific blow-up.

It was such a munitions-carrier as this that had its deadly cargo, already scorching, rescued by men heedless of the flames burning their hands and clothes

So intent were they, and so smothered with choking smoke and reeking fumes and the leaping red tongues of the fire, that they did not see the Stuka dive at them again.

They did not see the bluejackets at the destroyer's guns jump back as their weapons pom-pom-pommed.

Nor did they see the Stuka that had smitten them stagger in mid-air and sideslip and smash down into a splayed-out mass on the water to port.

Vanished Beneath Waves

A sudden vicious puff of smoke and flame belched upwards from the wreckage, which vanished beneath a swirl of steaming, hissing waves. . . .

Aboard their flaming ship they had enough to occupy them without looking round to see the sights.

Captain Jury was foremost among the fire-fighters. After it was all over, the men could not find enough to say in his praise.

I can well imagine that the Germans, who prefer to scuttle their vessels on the first alarm, would have abandoned any ship half as dangerous and as stricken as this one.

But that is not the way of Drake's brood.

The Skipper was everywhere, encouraging, giving new orders, meeting emergencies with steady courage and seaman-like initiative.

Ably seconding him, commanding and leading parties that plunged again and again into the hottest parts of that hell of fire, were Mr. Burgess, the Chief Engineer, and Mr. Stephens, the Mate.

Gallantry was not confined to the officers. Every man of the crew of that apparently doomed ship was a hero that day.

One A.B., named Gilroy, was badly hurt by the bomb explosion that caused the damage. He was given first-aid and ordered below.

No one realised, in the confusion of the fire and the concussions of bursting shells, that he merely walked round the deck and then came back again to his normal action-station, picked up a hose and plunged into the smoke with it.

But presently, half an hour afterwards, while the violent battle against the fire was still being waged without even a pause for breath, someone asked who held the hose—and someone else answered: "Gilroy."

An officer went forward to send him below, but he flatly refused to go.

"If she's goin' to blow up, I'd sooner be up here, sir," he gasped. "Besides—we're going to diddle old Jerry yet!"

And he plunged back into the smoke with his hose.

It was due to seamen like Gilroy that Jerry was robbed of his prey in the end. Those men performed a miracle that day.

Gilroy stuck at his post till he was unable to stand from loss of blood and burns.

Collapsing on the almost red-hot deck, he muttered, as they picked him up and carried him off: "Never mind me, mates. Keep your thumbs up and get that fire down."

Skipper Jury realised that the fire was gaining on them in the direction of the ammunition.

"I'll Go, Sir"

"I want a volunteer to enter the magazine," Captain Jury called, with a note of reluctance in his voice.

Suddenly it seemed that the ship was stricken with silence. For the flames were already enveloping that magazine. And it was crammed full of shells.

"I'll go, sir!"

Able-Seaman Dryden was the volunteer for this task of entering the very jaws of death.

"Well done, Dryden!" the Skipper said. "Get it flooded if you can. Good luck to you!"

And Dryden ran forward into the flames.

How he passed through that scorching inferno no one quite knows. But he did get through.

He entered the magazine, found the cocks, and turned them on, one by one.

They were so hot that they scorched the skin off the palms of his hands but the inrush of hissing water put an end, for the moment, to the immediate peril of the explosion that would otherwise have torn the guts out of the ship.

Splashing through the water, which rose first to his ankles, then to his knees, and soon to his waist, Dryden then began emptying the magazine of its deadly contents.

Flayed Hands

He worked on till his hands, already badly burned, looked as if they had been flayed with knives.

Not until the last vestige of explosion danger was gone did he give over.

Then, scorched, with holes burned in his clothes, his boot-soles burned through, but with a grin of triumph cracking his blackened face, he clambered out of the magazine.

"Work completed, sir," he said cheerfully. "What shall I do now?"

They fought that fire with a resolute fury that outmatched and beat down the uncontrolled fury of the flames themselves.

Wherever it leapt up, seamen sprang at it, soused it with water, smothered it with wet tarpaulins, stamped it flat.

They gave it no respite when it reeled smoking back, but only redoubled their struggles against it.

And, in the end, they did the impossible thing—put it out, beat it, drowned it, stamped it into smouldering, filthy tinder and whirling reeks of smoke and fumes.

And then more than half that crew literally collapsed on to the steaming decks they had been trying to save. Some lay panting only for a few minutes. Others could not get up unaided; they had to be carried below into bunks.

But—the ship was saved, and half its cargo was saved, and, as Gilroy had summed it up—"Old Jerry was diddled!"

I don't know what will happen on land and in the air before this war is over and decent people can put their children quietly to bed in the knowledge that there will be no attempt to murder them before morning, but I can tell you this:

So long as the wind whistles over the waves and the long seas run green, so long will Drake's brood beat Jerry.

HELP FOR FIRE-FIGHTER'S WIDOW

This money will be put away towards my little boy's education, and one thing that I will be able to thank you for in the years to come is the feeling of security that this has given me.

So writes Mrs. A. Garbett, of Salford, in acknowledging JOHN BULL's cheque paid under our Free Air Raid Insurance, underwritten at Lloyd's. Mrs. Garbett's husband was killed by a high explosive bomb whilst fire-fighting in a recent Manchester blitz.

JOHN BULL offers free to every reader an Air Raid Insurance Policy, underwritten at Lloyd's, against Air Raids, Gas Attacks, Invasion and Bombardment. This Policy covers husband and wife, and provides benefits for death and injury, as defined, caused by any action of Enemy, Allied, or Home Defence Forces anywhere in the United Kingdom.

The Scheme applies to all civilian readers, without restriction, including Home Guards, Police, A.F.S., Wardens, Spotters and Fire Watchers.

If you have not yet registered, Registration Forms can be obtained on application by postcard (revised postage 2d.) to JOHN BULL's Insurance Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

MUSSO'S GUNMAN

★ In his hour of dread Mussolini instinctively turns to the protection gangster bullies have always provided for themselves. Europe's biggest braggart has chosen a gunman who flourished in Chicago's worst days.

By CARLO FERRARI

(A former member of the Italian Secret Service)

RECENTLY a broad-shouldered, wasp-waisted, grey-faced man has kept close to the Duce whenever he has made one of his rare appearances in public.

He is Tino Rapello, the gangster.

In the last war Tino proved himself a coward in face of the enemy.

He would have suffered the usual penalty, no doubt, but during a night attack the lieutenant who knew the facts was shot—in the back of the head, with an Italian bullet.

After the war Tino became a professional blackmailer in Monaco and prospered. Then came a little trouble in which another man was shot—in the back of the head.

Quick on the Draw

Tino joined one of the Chicago gangs and became second-in-command to "Legs" Diamond, returning to Italy when gangsterdom became unprofitable.

Now he is Mussolini's bodyguard. A man quick on the draw, always ready to arrange an assassination when anyone becomes dangerous—by a shot in the back of the head.

The Duce did not need a bodyguard until last Christmas, when discontent in Italy flared up.

A continuous series of military, naval and air force disasters have co-ordinated strange forces against Mussolini.

The Camorra Secret Society has openly declared against him. A man banned by the Fascists is back in Venice to work for revolt, with hundreds of Camorra under his orders.

These men are past masters of the art of assassination.

It is said that the Mafia and other great secret societies are raising their heads against the Dictator.

The Crown Prince, who has always despised the cardboard Cæsar, is in Northern Italy, where regular troops recently revolted and were mown down by German machine-guns.

Umberto, darling of the Regular officers, is himself one of them.

It has been known for a long time that he would like to oust Mussolini and bid for peace with Britain, Italy's ancient friend and ally.

Such a move would undoubtedly be blessed by the Pope.

Attempt to Seize Power

Though there were vehement denials from Rome, there is no doubt that Marshal Badoglio did make a serious attempt to seize power when Italy's army collapsed so disastrously in Africa.

Mussolini discovered the plot. Badoglio was forced to take refuge in King Emmanuel's palace and his accomplices were sent to fight in Albania.

These swift reprisals may have given the impression that the revolt had been crushed, but it is not so.

Even the arrival of German armed help and the temporary successes in Libya and Greece will not quench the deep-rooted discontent.

A vast number of Italians are longing for liberation from Fascism.

They loathe still more the Nazi brand of tyranny that has been superimposed on Mussolini's slave system.

Their hatred is concentrated on the German troops and technicians who have poured into Italy in large numbers.

Wherever they are, Germans infuriate Italians by their arrogance.

Travellers who have come from Italy in the last few weeks tell of an increasing number of arrests for listening to the British broadcasts.

There is an anti-Mussolini political power in Italy, too.

When I and many others were expelled because we opposed the chaining of Italy to the Nazi war-chariot, we left behind many who waited patiently for a chance to strike.

Opposing them stands Corbino, chief of the Duce's Espionage Department.

In every café, among every crowd, at the theatre, at the opera, slinking past the darkened window at night, edging round the corner of the wall by day, come Corbino's Little Men.

And anyone who is heard speaking against the Fascists vanishes—never to return.

But Italians have always been able to meet guile with guile and stealth with stealth.

In the bloody histories of the Doges of Venice, of the Borgias and the Medici, the Farnese and the Sforzas, as well as of a score of other families, there comes, time and again, the red hand of the assassin to rid the land of a tyrant.

That is what Mussolini fears to-day. That is why Hitler dare not pass beyond the Brenner.

Taking no Chances

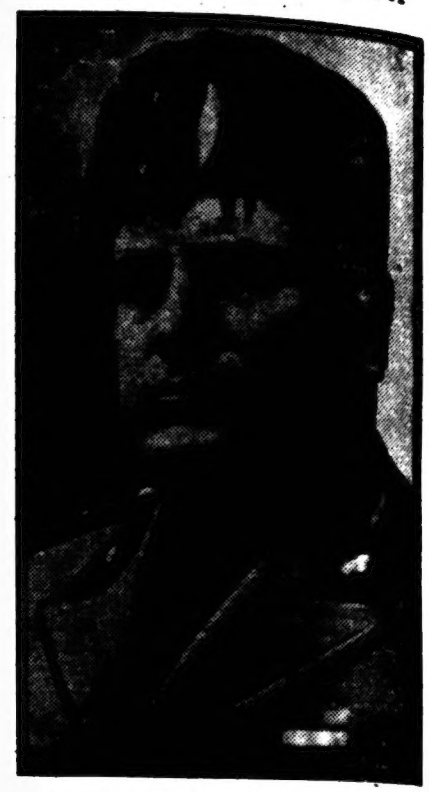
It may be that Nazi control of Italy is too strong for any revolt against the Duce. But dictators take no chances.

That is why Tino Rapello is always seen now with Mussolini, by night or day, in formal gatherings, in secret meetings of State, in private entertainment and in family groups.

Tino Rapello, who has every virtue of a bodyguard and only one failing—his record of shootings from behind.

If I were Mussolini, that tottering cardboard Cæsar, I should never turn my back on Tino without feeling a cold shudder down my neck. For I know Tino's record.

He has never been caught on the wrong side when big shootings came.



Mussolini liked nothing better than to pose for pictures showing him moving freely among his people. Recent pictures, if they could be seen, would show a significant second figure

Nazi Trouble-Makers Go To School

ONE of the strangest places in the world is a large but unobtrusive house in Berlin's West End.

You wouldn't find anything worth looking at except, perhaps, a small door-plate indicating that the second and third floors are occupied by the "German-Arab Culture Institute."

But you'll very soon find out that it is not so easy to become a member of this innocent institute, even if you were really interested in the peaceful development of German-Arab cultural relations.

* * *

The secretary in the first room, staring at you with sharp, cunning eyes, would ask you question after question about your reasons for wanting to join.

If you were considered suitable to attend one of the institute lectures, you'd notice that the audience is exclusively Arab, while the lecturers are Germans.

More than that: These lecturers are Germans of a certain familiar type, the sort of men you have seen in the Gestapo—brutal thugs, sly foxes, sagacious dogs who know all the tricks of the trade.

Sometimes they try to give their lectures a smattering of learning. But usually they deal with what the Nazis regard as practical affairs.

"You needn't ever take any trouble about stirring up a revolution," says the lecturer. "The revolution is everywhere. For everywhere are masses who are discontented with their national or social conditions.

"Just keep their grumbling going—that's the secret of the astonishing success of our National-Socialist world revolution."

Would-be Nazis listen devoutly to this revelation, which inspires them like the dogma of a new religion.

How can you "keep the grumbling going"? Well, of course, there are many tricks to learn before you can leave this unique university.

A shrewd and witty Nazi journalist will give you lessons on discovering the personal secrets of your country's foremost citizens. It will always help to stir up the masses if you can tell them that a prominent person is really a blackguard.

Naturally, it doesn't matter if your slanders are baseless.

* * *

Sometimes it may be useful to start confusion and unrest by a series of railway accidents. So listen carefully to the railway engineer.

He teaches an excellent method of derailing a train. You can learn, also, how to blow up an important bridge.

It is necessary for you to prove that you know how to apply the lessons.

You will be led one day to the big railway station at Grunewald. Here your teacher presents you a complete train with a real engine, which you must derail.

Don't worry about the high expenses involved in so truly imitated an accident.

It is, of course, an out-of-date engine and train, and your Nazi friends don't care very much about expenses.

Besides—there will be a day when your country has to pay back.

But they don't tell you that.

* * *

Still your lessons continue.

Another day you are introduced to a tall, smartly dressed man who is both polite and severe.

You'd be a fool not to discover that this gentleman is a German officer in plain clothes.

First he expresses his joy at your willingness to fight for the "liberation" of your country. "Arabia for the Arabs," he solemnly declares.

Then he lets the cat out of the bag.

The liberation of your country, he says, depends mostly on your skill and good will. But there will be a time when your own work is not sufficient, when you need the help of a powerful friend.

And this powerful friend is, of course, the German Army, which can only "liberate" your country if you prepare the ground in advance.

Here he makes a significant pause.

There follows a lecture on espionage. So begins a very thorough course that lasts three months.

When you have finished you are an expert spy. You know what is important for the German Army, you know how to smuggle out your messages, how to use a short-wave wireless set, and all the other tricks of the trade.

Finally, you are ready to leave the university.

You are by now a trained trouble-maker with a Nazi diploma. You can take on the chosen job.

In Syria, for instance. Or in Iraq. . . .

Natives in Eastern countries are the prey of these mischief experts, who stop at nothing in their lying

MAURICE FAGENCE, *touring munition factories to see Bevin's Army, declares he has never met so many types of girls. Greeks, Negresses, Russians, and even a Red Indian are there. He says: For victory confidence*

PUT ME WITH THE GIRLS!

NOT one person in ten thousand realises what mighty things women are doing to beat Hitler.

Women's war work, for the most part, is so much less obtrusive than that of men in uniform.

They don't march through the streets in columns. They don't pack special trains or ships.

They look just the same when they go to the powder magazine as they do when they go on holiday.

Therefore, it is so easy to look at a few 'bus conductresses or a girl unloading a railway van and think that that, multiplied a bit, represents the sum total of what women are doing.

I doubt whether the Minister of Labour himself realises what a long pull and a strong pull women are giving in this greatest of all tug-o'-war contests.

His employment exchanges don't tell the whole story.

I have been informed at many armament works that the "Vacancies" board at the factory gate is still the best source of woman-power.

And it takes Whitehall a long time to hear about that "intake" (an ugly word flung at your head by every factory executive in these days).

What I *do* know is that ten of the war factories I have visited in the last few weeks, employing 600 women between them in peace time, now employ 58,700.

And that takes no count of the thousands of girls—as I have said before, they are all spoken of as girls—who have been sent to distant depots in connection with factory-dispersal schemes.

One of the managements actually "ordered" 800 new girls while I was there.

This works was an essentially masculine place before September, 1939.

Then, apart from the office, not a girl was employed there.

To-day, there are thousands of girls from all over the British Isles—with Greeks, Negresses, Russians, and at least one Red Indian.

Quite a number had to be given time off recently for a Mohammedan festival!

Girls? I have never seen so many types in my life as in this last six weeks.

In one room they'll sing their heads off from dawn till dusk.

In another they'll never speak a word above a whisper.

In a third, a question to any operative will produce sheer fear.

In a fourth, the same question will yield: "Well, I'll tell you, honey!"

Who sorts them out in this way? The answer is: Nobody.

"Here's the Rajah!"

Different processes attract different types—and he would be a fool (or, what is worse, a snob) who pretended that any one type was more decent, keen, or hard-working than any other.

At one place the factory executive made the cruel mistake of sending me round in an old-fashioned private railway coach much resembling the howdah that is strapped on an elephant's back in tropical countries.

My abashed appearance was greeted in one department with the cry of "Here comes the Rajah" and a shriek of laughter—intensified when the departmental manager tripped over an ingot.

I think they preferred this to E.N.S.A.

In another department the one-man circus produced demure smiles.

Elsewhere it yielded other effects. It never, I am glad to say, produced deference, which is as dead as a dodo in the war factories.

After a two-mile journey down a small-gauge track my guide pointed to a red-brick building and said: "Our most robust women work in there."

She's pretty—but her work and that of thousands like her will be ugly for Hitler

I left my private coach forthwith. I preferred to enter that department on foot.

I was told by more than one woman welfare worker that it is rather extraordinary how women sort themselves out—and not on snob lines, either.

Men Out of Sight

Women who like a glass of beer (and there are many in the war factories: good, hearty, honest to goodness types) are a little intolerant of their sisters who go goofy over Clark Gable.

They, in turn, may be a wee bit supercilious about the girls who live in a world of books.

"Women grade themselves according to their interests, and not their position in life," a woman welfare worker told me. "Let them do it, and cattishness, the worst besetting sin of women, disappears."

The firm that never employed women in peace time and now has thousands, insists on them living in a feminine world of their own.

They are first interviewed by women. Then they are instructed by women (who are all the time attending classes run by the skilled male engineers).

When their training is completed, they are put under the charge of women, and have to go for advice to women welfare workers.

Sent to dispersal factories, they are seen off by women, met by women, taken to their new lodgings by women, and once again find themselves in a factory run by women.

There is male control, all the time. The various processes are evolved by skilled male engineers.

But all male over-lording is kept so remote that the women never notice it.

What are they like as workers?

Not one Superintendent of a State factory or director of a private factory to whom I have talked regards them as one whit the inferior of men—so long as they are handled wisely.

And handling them wisely includes not expecting them to handle weights beyond their strength or trying to get them to intrude on the preserves of the male engineer.

For, make no mistake about it, the girl who goes into a war factory will learn little more about *general* engineering than the girl who stays at home.

It would be grotesquely unfair to the skilled engineers of this country to suggest that she will.

She goes into a war factory to master and repeat a process which she may one day do as well as, and possibly quicker than, the skilled engineer, but will nevertheless be only a thousandth part of his trade.

For instance, I was told in one factory: "Give me any sensible girl, and I will have her making aircraft in a week."

She will be doing one process in a week, and as soon as you want her to do another, a skilled engineer will have to show her how.

One managing director told me: "I have had girls spot welding within six hours of reaching this factory for the first time."

Undoubtedly he has. But the person hasn't been born who can be taught the whole trade of spot welding in anything like that time.

One can be so very unfair to the skilled man in giving well-merited praise to the new trainees.

Most women entering the war factories concentrate on one process.

Easy as Ironing

I have seen hundreds of such processes during my tour. I doubt whether a woman would find any one of them as difficult as sewing a frock in her own home.

I have seen them using scores of different tools. I question whether many would take more getting used to than a new electric iron, vacuum cleaner—or even egg whisk.

All this has to be said in fairness to the skilled engineer, man or woman, who at any moment of the day may come up against some entirely new problem—and who would be expected to solve it.

Then if their work is so easy for the most part, why should I praise them so highly?

Because women are entering on these war jobs with an interest that has to be seen to be believed.

Tell them that one slight slip will ruin an aeroplane wing section—or in some other way impede the war effort—and they will work through one eleven-hour shift after another without letting their attention slide for a moment.

Man is a more temperamental animal than woman. He would find it next to impossible to carry out, week after week, month after month, some of the routine jobs prescribed for women.

Bombs—Who Cares?

Yet again, women are accepting every risk attendant on doing a win-the-war job without flinching.

At an explosives factory I was told that out of every hundred women asked whether they would work among deadly explosives, ninety-six readily agreed to do so.

A bigger number will endanger their lives than will endanger their nail-tips.

One factory superintendent kept tally of the number of people who would not take shelter unless compelled when enemy machines were actually overhead.

The percentage was 93 of every hundred male employees, 91 of every hundred women. The difference is not enough to suggest that women are any less brave than men.

But theirs is a sex of many strange paradoxes.

I met a woman who was blown twelve feet across her department by a bomb. She arrived on time for the next shift.

She scarcely discussed her fortunate escape.

But when her machine broke down she buried her face in her hands and sobbed.

Three girls protested against working in a room containing nothing more dangerous than wooden boxes because one of them had seen a mouse.

They pleaded to be sent to a shed in which explosives are processed—and which always contains about four hundred pounds of the stuff.

A Cow's Different!

Twelve women missed the morning shift at a shell factory in which they stitch cordite into bags.

They had left their homes to find a cow between them and the 'bus stop—so they preferred to let the 'bus go without them.

Yet these creatures who are haunted by such absurd fears will undertake dangerous processes as quickly as any woman who knows no such limitations—or any man.

Some of the women you meet in these munition factories are living hundreds of miles from home. They have left all their relatives behind, children included—homes, furniture, everything.

And it isn't greed for money.

Where you find munition-makers in thousands, there you find sky-rocketing prices.

Some of them had far more money in their handbags when they were at home.

"*The women are wonderful,*" the managing director of one of the biggest munition firms in the country told me.

"They have one aim—to do a bit more than last week.

"And their main reason is to get their husbands, sweethearts and brothers home as quickly as possible—as victors. They will never have it otherwise."

To the girls whom Mr. Bevin will be calling up soon, and who may be wondering what there will be in store for them if they take up munition work, I can add this:

"You will be in excellent company. Go to it."

Sir Wyndham Childs' Page

YOU CAN STOP RENT VULTURES

BLOODSUCKING landlords who prey on people rendered homeless by the tragedy of war should be jailed.

In spite of the stern measures announced by Mr. Ernest Brown, Minister of Health, this shocking scandal continues to be a blot on the standard of social life for which democracy is fighting its greatest battle.

In his recent circular to all local authorities, the Minister urged drastic action, and deplored the fact that many councils had done nothing to remedy an evil which has developed into one of the worst examples of profiteering that this war has yet produced.

I can think of few things more despicable than to seize on the tragic circumstances of bombed-out families as an opportunity for making money—money which in many cases is spent by landlords who have placed themselves as far from the reach of bombs as they possibly can.

Mr. Ernest Brown, Minister of Health, must do more than merely warn local authorities

Pathetic Letters

I have received so many pathetic letters that I make no excuse for returning to this subject.

Here is a letter from a woman reader at Hotwells, Bristol:

"Living in one of the blitzed towns, I advertised, though with little hope of success, for a cottage in the country for myself and two children.

"To my surprise I received 14 replies, but there was a catch in it.

"Some of these cottages were offered at £7 7s. a week, four at six guineas, three at five pounds to five pounds ten.

"Two landlords offered to accept four guineas and £4 respectively, while another two asked for £3. All were empty cottages, remember. . . ."

In "safe" areas all over the country excessive rents are being charged, and many local authorities are shamefully apathetic.

In Yorkshire furnished cottages have been let to evacuee families from blitzed areas at an average of £3 a week. Many have sublet single rooms at £2 10s. and £3 a week!

Numerous complaints have been made in many of the Yorkshire Dale districts—in Ilkley and Harrogate particularly.

Soldiers' Wives Fleeced

I know of countless cases in which soldiers' wives, anxious to be near their husbands, are paying as much as 30s. for single, barely furnished rooms, without attention of any kind.

In a large file of complaints I have evidence of air raid victims paying three guineas and more for accommodation which, before the raids began, was dear at a pound and twenty-five shillings inclusive.

The Town Clerk at Lleyn, N. Wales, for instance, has protested about many rent scandals in his district. One concerns three rooms which were let at 12s. 6d. before the war, and which have recently been tenanted by "blitzed" families at £2 10s. a week.

But to protest is not enough. What is needed is the drastic action urged by the Minister of Health.

The Town Clerk of Lleyn should advise his council to prosecute in the cases to which he refers. A few convictions would do far more good than a multitude of complaints.

A soldier writes to tell me that he is paying 30s. a week for one room in a damp house, the entire rent of which is less than a pound; and another reader says an evacuee mother is being charged 35s. for two rooms in a house rented at ten shillings a week!

Mr. Dan Rider, Secretary of the War Rents League, who dealt with profiteering landlords during the last war, confirms that the scandal is worse than ever to-day.

£4 5s. for a Room!

In Birmingham, working-class tenements are fetching as much as thirty shillings; in Exeter a poor old woman of over eighty, from London, is paying £4 5s. a week for one small furnished room "with attendance.' Near by, a public-house licensee is getting fifteen shillings a week for a bare attic.

Another air raid victim, at Tiverton, has to find a weekly rental of £2 odd for a dilapidated cottage which would never have been tenanted at all had it not been for the fact that it is in a "safe area."

IT IS UP TO ALL OF US TO STOP THE PROFITEERING OF WAR TIME RENTS. WHEN READERS HEAR OF ANY CASE OF EXTORTION THEY SHOULD COMMUNICATE WITH THEIR LOCAL AUTHORITIES—OR WITH ME IF THEY PREFER.

Clergymen, social workers, local councillors, Members of Parliament, can also do good work in helping to stamp out the racket by reporting cases direct to Mr. Ernest Brown

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

Mr. B. Vasey, Berkeley Street, Swansea, receives this week's £1 1s. He has provided information that should lead in due course to a most interesting article.

Write to me on any subject of importance, and mark envelopes "Public Benefactor."

MORE RAID RACKETS

WAR tricksters are at work in bombed areas of London and the provinces.

Bogus council officials are touring many districts, visiting damaged houses and business premises on the pretext of inspecting them.

But their main object is to remove valuables found on the premises to "a safe place."

A bombed shop in South London was recently visited by an "official," who came back with a lorry and later departed with a quantity of stock.

In Streatham a house was visited by a "council official," who, having inspected the damage, removed considerable booty.

So impressive was his manner that an A.R.P. worker gave him assistance!

There is no limit to the audacity of the tricksters and thieves who are at work in bombed areas. Some visit shelters during daylight hours and remove blankets or any other property.

* * *

At Battersea, a man posing as a "Health Department" inspector has been visiting shelters, inspecting them for dampness. He has collected blankets, tin hats, whistles and miscellaneous articles.

"Look-out" men for burglars, posing as fire-watchers, are often joined by confederates with cars when raids or alarms take place and the police are otherwise engaged. They raid premises and get away with everything of value.

Tin-hat tricksters are busy, too. One recently visited streets in the Paddington district and, mentioning the name of a well-known firm of manufacturers, stated that his firm had supplies of helmets for distribution at ten shillings each.

* * *

Five shillings had to be paid with order, and the balance when the helmets were delivered. With an imposing looking order-book he made his tale more convincing by saying that he could not supply more than two helmets to each house. He found dozens of victims, for the tin-hats did not arrive.

Good Food Left to Go Rotten

AT Workington, during a period of four weeks, 1,237 lb. of beef has been condemned as unfit for human consumption. So were 41 lb. of pork, 750 lb. of offal, 110 lb. of mutton, 329 imported eggs and 114 dozen fish cakes.

"Why was this valuable food allowed to go bad," Workington readers ask. "Does Lord Woolton know about it?"

* * *

Inquiries at the Ministry of Food show that he does, but the responsibility for the appalling waste, it is said there, does not rest with the Ministry. If stores of food are allowed to become unfit for human consumption, food inspectors can do nothing but condemn it.

During a period of three months the list of condemned food in Manchester included: Meat, 408,892 lb.; fish, 58,500 lb.; fruit, 78,167 lb.; vegetables, 36,498 lb.; butter, flour, etc., 4,542 lb.; game, 327 head; poultry, 2,507 head; rabbits, 2,878 head; and eggs, 26,680.

Ruthless action is necessary to put an end to this dreadful waste of food, and if local food control organisations cannot prevent it, Lord Woolton should himself handle the problem.

In a Midland town tons of sugar suitable for manufacturing purposes was salvaged from a bombed building and left to rot in a yard for weeks.

Dockers and men employed at wholesale food markets tell of large quantities of food which are wasted by neglect.

* * *

The Food Officer of Salisbury, Wiltshire, recently reported that in four weeks over 11,000 lb. of beef, 5,000 lb. of pork, 827 lb. of mutton and a quantity of veal had been condemned.

Mr. Dan Frankel, M.P., recently asked the Food Minister if he was aware that: "In a Covent Garden Market warehouse 250 tons of vegetables bought by the Government in good condition have been allowed to go rotten, and are now unfit for human consumption."

The main reply was that "Lord Woolton is inquiring into the general question."

Surely to make inquiries *after* waste has taken place is to lock the stable door after the horse has gone?

The whole question of food distribution must be swiftly reviewed.

Beware These Domestic Clubs!

MANY housewives are appealing to me for advice about certain domestic clubs.

These clubs have collected weekly subscriptions against goods to be supplied at a later date or posted direct to members' relatives in the Services.

While I can understand the numerous difficulties which confront some of these organisations—particularly where the supply and distribution of goods are concerned—it is nevertheless obvious that several are giving their clients a very poor run for their money.

A number of complaints has reached me about a South Coast club which has completely ignored the letters of many of its protesting members in various parts of the country.

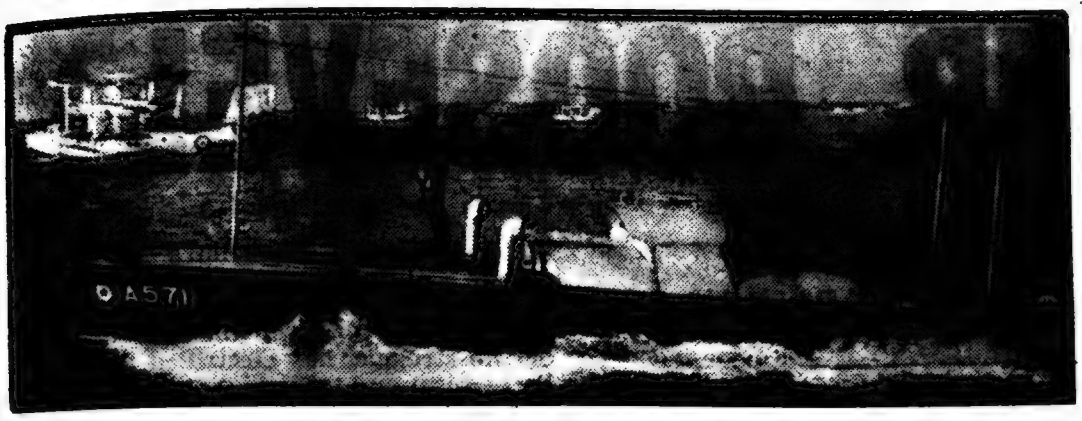
They have paid a weekly membership fee of a shilling over a long period, but in far too many cases the requisitioned parcels are months overdue.

People who have stated their willingness to accept a refund of their payments in lieu of the undelivered goods have been quite unable to obtain any satisfaction.

The information I have obtained as the result of a representative's enquiries shows that the whole business is in a thoroughly unsatisfactory position.

Bristol and Portsmouth are two of the towns from which I have received complaints, and one letter is signed by several members.

Though I am afraid there is at present little that members can do without incurring further expense in trying to obtain their rights by legal action, I will have further investigations made, and in the meantime I would like to hear from any other readers who have had similar experiences.



Odd craft, these tiny boats in which men wait beneath their steel roof for bulls'-eyes from the skies.

THEY LIKE BEING BOMBED

★ Deadly accuracy of R.A.F. bombers has stirred the admiration of the world. You'll see how it is done if you take a trip with

VINCENT BROME

INSIDE the boat the men knew they might get hit at any moment.

A sudden blast nearer than the others. A bomb splinter cracked against the plating. Another tore at the gunwale.

The boat reared. A bomb to port and starboard. Things were getting too hot.

Suddenly, silence and serenity again. Just the steady note of their own engines and the soft hiss of the wake. The bombers had gone. . . .

No, this is not an episode in the constant battle with peril that is the merchant seaman's life these days.

It is just part of the everyday routine of men who deliberately go to sea to be bombed!

They are the "Aunt Sallies" for putting the finishing touches to the deadly aim of R.A.F. bombers.

Skippers Stared

Passing merchant captains stared and scratched their heads when they saw one of these tiny boats slipping out to sea in the soft Spring sunshine the other morning.

Odd-looking craft. She had a humped back where her armour plating protected the cockpit. The stern ploughed an enormous wake.

Then came the drone of many engines. Five thousand feet up, the British bombers were searching. Her deck was painted yellow to make it more conspicuous.

Three men watched from the control room of the boat. They worked in the equivalent of a steel box. They wore gas-masks to check stannactite fumes from the bombs, and topees to prevent concussion if a bomb hit the deck above them.

Now the boat was zigzagging. In and out she went as the 'planes began to dive and bombs came whining down.

The men in the bombers were not seasoned campaigners. They were just getting their hand in, perfecting bombing accuracy by trying to hit the bit of wood and steel bobbing amongst the waves down below.

Good—but Hazardous

It is one of the best methods for producing really accurate bombing, but it is full of hazards for the crew of the target boat.

One after another the bombers swooped down and dropped their bombs. Great fountains of water leapt up. The air shook to the roar of high-powered engines.

Then a bomb went clean through an unprotected part of the boat. The little ship staggered, shook herself like a dog, and ploughed on again.

Five minutes later the wireless operator put out a "Carry on" message to the bombers.

It is one of the minor miracles of these boats that they are practically unsinkable. They are filled with a special preparation many times lighter than cork, which guarantees to keep them afloat.

Whatever damage is done, a hit is usually the signal for a few wisecracks below decks. Bombast some of them call it. Others have another name for it!

I have talked with the men who man these target boats. They seem to think that playing the part of "Aunt Sallies" to the R.A.F. is no more spectacular than managing a sailing boat in a high wind.

They told me several things can happen after a direct hit. The wireless operator may call the safety tender hovering near by and ask for help, the boat may make for shore under its own power, or they may just carry on. They prefer the "Carry on" signal.

Bombs used are eleven-pounders of the explosive type, and give off smoke on impact. They can easily go clean through a normal boat, but to date they have not sunk one target boat, which says a lot for the makers, because many target boats have been hit.

Working conditions change considerably with the seasons.

In some target boats the crews wear heavy sweaters and thick woollen stockings, reaching to the thighs, for winter operations. Given half a gale blowing in mid-winter, work inside the armoured control room can be—well, difficult.

Stripped to the Waist

In summer the temperatures in that enclosed space soar, all the clothes come off again, and on some days the crews work stripped to the waist.

Men who man the target boats to-day are pretty tough, but there is a story of even greater courage behind the beginnings of these boats.

The old *Centurion*, once a battleship in the Grand Fleet, was originally the most popular "Aunt Sally," but she had many drawbacks from the bombing point of view. Mr. Scott Paine set to work to devise something more adequate. Gradually the modern target boat evolved.

She must be able to stand up to eleven-pound bombs. She must be practically unsinkable. Above all, she must be mobile and speedy.

The first target boats used in this country were somewhat different from those now used by the R.A.F.

Getting volunteers to man them might have proved difficult. Members of the R.A.F. responded without batting an eyelid. Here was a very necessary part of air training. Someone had to take the risk.

There followed an episode which will make R.A.F. history after this war.

One grey December morning three men took out the first target boat, watched the bombers coming over, and waited for the first bombs to fall.

Theoretically the boat would survive, but theories had been proved wrong before.

The crew did not know how the armour plating would stand up to actual bombs. Anything might happen. But the boats came through the test safely.

To-day these boats play a vital part in training our bombers. To-day, somewhere off British and Empire coasts, fresh crews are navigating the latest types of target boat, and waiting for the bombers all over again.

On them may depend the difference between discriminate and indiscriminate bombing.

Hitler is Retreating from Berlin

ADOLF HITLER may be advancing in the Balkans, but he is certainly on the retreat from Berlin. For many weeks now Vienna has really been the Nazi Capital.

British bombers have made Berlin not a very healthy place to live in. For a maniac like Hitler, who prefers to work out his dreams in quiet corners, the noise of his own ack-ack guns, let alone the thunder of British bombs, is unbearable.

So he has instructed the Nazi leaders to turn Vienna into the administrative centre of the Reich.

Because he did not want to admit the reason for the move, he has made the excuse that, with the scene of operations shifting to the Balkans, he preferred Vienna because it was nearer to the war.

But even before the Nazis carried war into the Balkans the retreat to Vienna had been carefully planned.

* * *

One of Hitler's closest friends, the young brute Baldur von Schirach, was appointed Nazi governor of Austria. He at once ordered all Jews to be removed from the city.

Next he requisitioned scores of big buildings in which thousands of Nazi civil servants from Berlin were hastily installed.

Goering went to Austria so frequently to visit his evacuated wife that most of his collaborators of the Four Year Plan organisation had to go there to confer with their chief.

Now they have established permanent headquarters.

Ribbentrop, who lives at the Austrian castle Fuschl — its rightful owner "died mysteriously" at Dachau concentration camp—ordered his notorious bureau to open a Balkan department in Vienna.

* * *

With the intensification of the R.A.F. offensive against Germany, State documents and Government records were moved to the old Danube city.

Rich Nazi industrialists, whose works had been moved to Austria from the Ruhr to escape the continuous battering by British pilots, have opened offices in Vienna.

They expected—and demanded—the State departments with which they are dealing to follow them. Such Nazi bigwigs as Herr Krupp, the armaments merchant, and Professor Messerschmitt, the aircraft constructor, can now be seen in Vienna frequently.

Baldur von Schirach holds court on a more lavish scale than poor Vienna has seen since the last war.

The Belvedere castle in the centre of the town, where Austria's hero, Prince Eugene, lived, has been redecorated to be a fit reception centre for Balkan surrender statesmen like Bulgaria's Filov, Rumania's Antonescu, or the men who tried to sell Yugoslavia.

At Schoenbrunn, famed residence of the Habsburgs and Napoleon, Hitler has a large suite of private rooms where he is said to indulge in his dreams of world conquest.

The Imperial Hotel now serves the same purpose to which the Berlin "Kaiserhof" was put in earlier years—it is reserved for Nazi functionaries only. There they meet in comfort to decide their next brutality.

Near Schoenbrunn a private aerodrome for Hitler and his Nazi friends has been built. It is the Kuenigiberg aerodrome.

The inevitable Himmler, Gestapo Chief, resides at the Metropole Hotel on the Danube Canal.

He seems to be little disturbed by the moaning of a thousand prisoners in the cellars of the once fashionable hotel.

* * *

The Reichswehr has selected the Bristol Hotel as its headquarters. Many notable British people have stayed there.

Just before the beginning of the Balkan campaign you could have seen in the lounge Generals Weichs and Kienitz, who lead many of the Austrian divisions that have been pressed into Nazi service against their will.

The Viennese, bewildered, watch all the paraphernalia of Nazi government moving to their city.

I know some of them will appreciate the advantage of having the whole bunch ready in their hands when the day of reckoning comes.

WILLI FRISCHAUER.

ACT NOW, MR. ROOSEVELT!

By A. G. Gardiner

THE saying that "you can't see the wood for the trees" contains a moral that cannot be overstressed to-day.

If you stand in the midst of a wood you know nothing about its magnitude, its shape or its relation to the landscape.

It may be a forest as vast as a Brazilian jungle. It may be only a coppice on a hillside. You have to be outside it to appreciate its character.

And so with this war.

If you stand in the midst of the trees, if you allow the events of the moment to shut in your vision of the whole, you will not know much about it.

You will be the sport of circumstance—unduly inflated when we burst like a tidal wave into Libya, unduly deflated when the tide turns and we go out (having captured an army and won an empire in the interval). And so on.

HOWEVER BIG THE TREES ARE, THEY ARE NOT THE WOOD. AND IT IS THE WOOD THAT IS THE LARGE PERSPECTIVE OF THE WAR THAT MATTERS.

Let us try to see it steadily and see it whole.

Take as a starting point the position at the end of June last. The *blitzkrieg* was at its maximum. All the western seaboard was overwhelmed. France had collapsed. Our Army had escaped by a miracle from Dunkirk, but we were left alone and largely disarmed to meet the invasion with which Hitler proposed to end the war and win the world.

Is the position to-day better or worse?

For answer, consider the salient facts. The invasion scheme was shattered in the Battle of Britain.

THAT BATTLE SHOOK THE WHOLE STRATEGY OF HITLER TO ITS BASE. IT DESTROYED HIS ILLUSION THAT HE COULD OBLITERATE OUR SEA POWER BY SUPERIOR AIR POWER.

And, to our astonishment as much as his, it showed that plane for plane we were masters of the Luftwaffe, and that given time we could achieve, not merely equality in the air, but a superiority as decided as that of our sea power.

And the Battle of Britain, in changing the character of the war from a stampede to a war of resources and staying power, gave us that vital element of time.

In the nine months since that Battle our productive power has enormously increased, and the nation has been organised into a military machine infinitely more formidable than it was in June last.

Our dominion in the Mediterranean, so gravely threatened by the defection of France, has been more than restored. The Italian fleet has been driven from the sea and largely destroyed. The threat to the Suez has been flung back and Mussolini's East African empire is at its last gasp.

In gallant little Greece we have found an ally who, whatever the immediate result of the struggle, has electrified the world by its heroism and set a tocsin of liberty sounding throughout Europe which will never be silenced.

Most important of all, the mighty potentialities of the United States are now at our unlimited command. Roosevelt has been returned to power, and is committed to the task of mobilising the whole American continent against the criminal gangster whose victory would be the death-knell of liberty in America as certainly as it has been in Europe.

That in rough outline is the credit side of the account. What of the other side?

FOILED last summer in his design of invading Britain and winning the war out of hand, Hitler has had to readjust his plans. Since he cannot destroy us here in a straight fight, he seeks to bleed us at our extremities.

The plunge into the Balkans and Libya, imposed on him by the failure of his invasion plans and the collapse of his jackal everywhere, has two motives.

HE AIMS AT SEIZING THE SUEZ, MAKING HIMSELF MASTER OF THE WHOLE AFRICAN SHORE OF THE MEDITERRANEAN FROM CAIRO TO CASABLANCA, AND LOCKING THE MIDDLE SEA AGAINST US AT BOTH ENDS.

Axe to Beat the Axis

ARGUE IT OUT
By Pallas

I HAVE memories of a gracious France, especially of long, straight roads lined by swaying poplars.

The poplar is beloved in France. Its slender spire breaks the flat monotony of the hedgeless countryside, and its beauty brings a sense of coolness as one speeds through the heat of a burning summer day.

I can feel in some measure, therefore, the anguish that tormented those Frenchmen who, because of scarcity of coal, felled the beloved poplars to provide fuel for their stoves.

* * *

The fall of those tall, stately trees whose leaves once shimmered over a peaceful countryside is symbolic of the fall of nations.

Many of the axemen who helped to fell those trees went unwillingly to the task.

Yet history will record that they did go; that the blow they struck on the trees of national pride and honour brought them toppling to the dust.

Fear of their property, their lives; fear of the future, fear, above all, of a land bleeding and trampled by Nazi armies, led them to their desperate choice.

When the trees fell those who helped to fell them may have saved their countries from devastation of property and from bloodshed.

But they yielded their lands into the most hateful bondage in history and imposed on them a burden of shame.

It is difficult when the sun is shining, and the first feathery traces of pink and white herald a sea of apple, pear and plum blossom, to sense fully the obscenity of a war which enslaves millions of people and drags their spirit through the mire of humiliation and despair.

It is difficult to read, without a sigh, of the passing of the graceful poplars, trees as stately in their pride as once was the spirit of France.

But how stupid, you say, to lament the fall of trees when around us are the ruins of once stately buildings, and everywhere the silent, unseen crashing of men's hopes and ideals.

Maybe.

Yet the axe was necessary. It was a sacrificial axe used in times of need. In Britain the axe is used constantly, and without stint.

Those who wield the axe do so by consent of the people.

It has struck at our incomes; it has cut down our hours of leisure; it has killed luxuries and imposed drastic bans on our tables.

Willingly we have let the axe work its keen edge on our rights, our privileges, our traditions.

Slowly, far too slowly, the axe has cleared the home battlefield of obstructive timber, so that the war machine may be unimpeded in its drive towards victory.

The work of the axe is not ended in this country.

Ever more sharply and with greater force it *must* strike at the private life of every man and woman.

Before we have mastered the Beast the axe *must* cut down still more our food allowances; *must* reduce still further our spending money; *must* hit more keenly at what remains of our leisure time.

The flash of the axe in Britain is not a symbol of degradation as was the axe ringing on the wounded poplars.

It is the sign of a herculean effort; the gesture of a country which is ready to count everything worthless as compared to the ultimate victory.

Every penny, every hour, every right the axe lops from us go into the scale against Hitler.

* * *

Yet, though the future is clouded and critical months are ahead, the day will come when the sound of the axe will be heard no more in the land.

The rights it took from us will be restored.

Leisure will return in full measure.

The sound of creative energy will ring out in town and city, village and hamlet.

The homes of the people will resound again to laughter; the lights will blaze against the darkness of a peaceful sky; and in the new Britain, hub of a new world, we shall build better than we have ever done before.

In France the stumps of the poplars will put out new leaves.

There, as in the other lands mercilessly trampled by the Nazis, the fallen trees of national honour will rise again.

And they will rise in dignity and freedom because the sacrificial axe of Britain hacked out the tortuous road to victory.

Otto Kretschmer, U-Boa tured. More must follo the bottom of the sea b we keep open our

And his second moti Asia Minor to the oilfiel of oil is one of the w armour. In the war of ex is now embarked that n while we hold the seas sible sources, Baku or Ir or the other or fail.

The other attack more immediately dang

It aims at closing and cutting off our supp we shall be starved int with this attack is the of our cities, the purpo rorise our people and of production.

That is the positio with the position in Ju

It would be folly to the facts or to shut ou power of the German

BUT, this said, I thi not comparable summer.

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THE CRUCIAL BATTLE OF THE AT WON THIS SUMME SECOND DECISIVE

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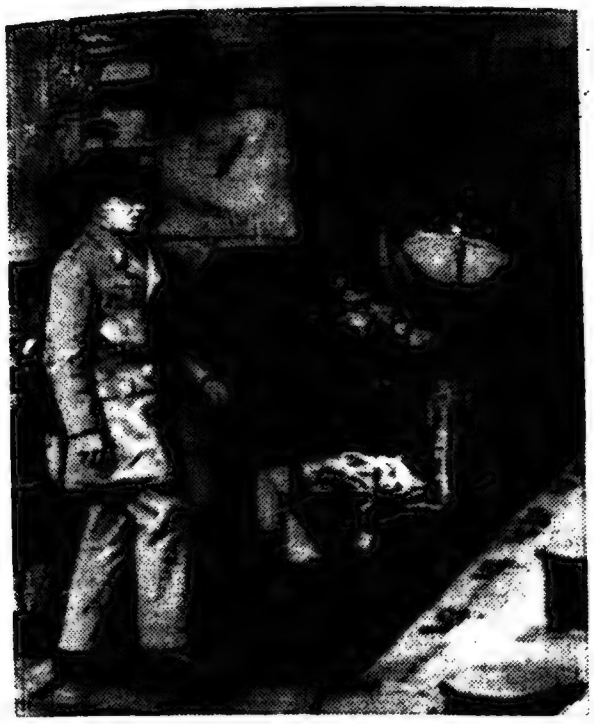
Roosevelt knows has struck a heavy bl Sea.

But it is in the A civilisation against be won, and it is there



Otto Kretschmer, U-Boat ace, recently captured. More must follow him or be sent to the bottom of the sea because it is vital that we keep open our Atlantic lifeline

And his second motive is to drive through Asia Minor to the oilfields of Irak. The need of oil is one of the weakest places in his armour. In the war of exhaustion on which he is now embarked that need is imperative, and while we hold the seas he has only two possible sources, Baku or Irak. He must have one or the other or fail.

The other attack on our extremities is more immediately dangerous.

It aims at closing the Atlantic sea lanes and cutting off our supplies so effectively that we shall be starved into surrender. Coupled with this attack is the systematic destruction of our cities, the purpose of which is to terrorise our people and to paralyse our power of production.

That is the position to-day as contrasted with the position in June last.

It would be folly to disguise the gravity of the facts or to shut our eyes to the immense power of the German war machine.

BUT, this said, I think the peril to-day is not comparable with that of last summer.

Then, with our Army broken and ill-equipped, our home defences rudimentary, the shock of the French collapse still numbing the mind, nothing stood between us and instant invasion but the unknown quantity of an air force that we knew to be hopelessly outnumbered, and did not know was capable of the miraculous skill and heroism that won the Battle of Britain.

THE CRUCIAL ISSUE NOW IS THE BATTLE OF THE ATLANTIC. IF THAT IS WON THIS SUMMER, IT WILL BE THE SECOND DECISIVE BATTLE OF THE WAR.

And it will be won if America realises that our fate is her fate; that if we lose command of the Atlantic the Western hemisphere will be the prey of Hitler as certainly as Europe is to-day.

Roosevelt knows this and he will act. He has struck a heavy blow at Hitler in the Red Sea.

But it is in the Atlantic that the battle of civilisation against barbarism will be lost and won, and it is there that Roosevelt can turn the scales. But he must act NOW. He must help us to keep the sea lanes open with all the resources at his command or the "arsenal of democracy" will become the final grave of democracy.

And with that battle won, the end will not be in doubt. I have never underrated German power. Nor do I underrate it now. But neither should it be overrated.

It is at its maximum now. It is at its maximum because it was the first to realise the full meaning of mechanised warfare. But we are catching up—in the air, on the land, in tanks, in all the material of modern war. And while we can continue to hold the seas we are laying the foundations of certain victory.

FOR THIS MONSTROUS POWER CARRIES WITHIN IT THE SEEDS OF ITS OWN DESTRUCTION.

Hitler has wrecked Europe, but he has not conquered its soul. He has built his fabric on terror and hate, and he has encircled himself with a ring of universal hate that will burst into flames about him when the hour strikes, as it will strike.

In every nation that cowers around him—in Yugoslavia, Bohemia, Poland, Rumania, Norway, Holland, Belgium, France, not least in Italy—there is a Fifth Column that awaits its day of vengeance.

And it is not a Fifth Column of bought traitors. It is a Fifth Column of outraged peoples who have seen their temples desecrated, their loved ones massacred, their property pillaged, their homes in ruins, their liberties destroyed by a nation of barbarians led by a homicidal maniac.

It will not be a pleasant thing to be a German when the day of retribution comes. And every day we hold the seas brings that retribution nearer.

SWAFFER Lifts the Lid

WHAT WOULD JESUS DO, NOW?

● Pacifists argue that Jesus would preach non-resistance. I wonder. . . .

Would an anger that drove, with a scourge, money-changers from the Temple, and that cursed a barren fig tree, become acquiescence at the sight of Nazidom's devilish brutality?

On the other hand, Jesus, when faced with the only political problem recorded of His life—"Is it lawful to give tribute unto Cæsar?"—seems to have deliberately evaded it.

He preached a code of ethics which every section of Christianity—and there are nearly 200 different sects in Britain—interprets in its own way. As written down, it is contradictory.

As I see it, Jesus could not, in such a circumstance as this, do otherwise than resist an evil that means enslavement for all mankind.

Anyway, this at least we can all believe—that those who, to-day die in defence of the principles of freedom and brotherhood which Jesus taught, are doing all they can to bring about the establishment of the Kingdom of God on earth, which was the object of all Christian teaching.

WHICH MINISTERS ARE SUCCESSFUL?

● A few weeks ago most of us might have named as successes several Ministers who, faced with the sudden test of the war's extremities, seem to have failed us.

Lord Woolton, for instance, was long held in esteem. Now he faces violent criticism.

Kingsley Wood, on the other hand, was long suspect as a Man of Munich. Now, his Budget and its rigours of taxation have been applauded.

R. S. Hudson is blamed for the weakness of his Agriculture policy. But he is not personally responsible for the long years of drift which have landed farming in such a plight.

Man for man, it is a strong Government. In their departments, Duncan, Beaverbrook, Morrison and Bevin—two Conservatives and two Socialists—seem to be doing a first-rate job.

But when individual Ministers are criticised—well, does it not always come back to the fact that the Government has not, and has never had, a co-ordinating policy which linked together all our potential means of how best to use our resources?

WILL MEDICINE BE NATIONALISED?

● Because of the heavy demands which the Government and the War Services are making on the British medical registers, America is leasing and lending us 1,000 doctors.

There is no doubt that they are desperately needed as the medical profession is now organised. Every unit of the Army and the Fighting Services must have its medical officer

That means that a doctor is taken out of civil life, although in this country a War Medical Service means civilians and Service men alike.

So we need more doctors

Ernest Brown has said that he hopes they will include specialists, because he wants to help Bevin and Herbert Morrison out with their schemes for free treatment under the emergency hospitals for industrial and Civil Defence workers, and he wants orthopædic surgeons from America.

We must get back into the Services these key workers as soon as possible

But what about the volunteer Civil Defence workers? Are not they just as indispensable?

A man may be doing his job as a grocer's assistant, or as a dustman, but at night he is a national hero.

Why shouldn't such men be included in this free hospital service?

If you include them—the vast army of volunteers—you have virtually launched a State Medical Service.

DOES HITLER KNOW OUR PLANS?

● "Hitler must know everything that was taught at our military academies," writes a reader. "Therefore, he must know how British officers will act when faced with a given set of circumstances. What are we going to do about it?"

Yes, but then we know everything that was taught at German military academies.

There have been military attachés in every country's embassy, all over the world. It was their business to know, before war broke out, all that they could learn about the military plans of the country to which they were assigned.

Besides, we know, from practical experience of this war, what Hitler will do in any given circumstances.

We understand perfectly his policy of infiltration, 'tourists," lying propaganda, bullying and threats, and then an onslaught on one small country with all his mechanised might.

He has done it time after time, and he will do it again. There is no secret in warfare, nothing at least which can remain a secret for more than a few weeks.

The truth is that Hitler can do things which we cannot. Had we not observed the rules of warfare from the start, we should not now have America on our side.

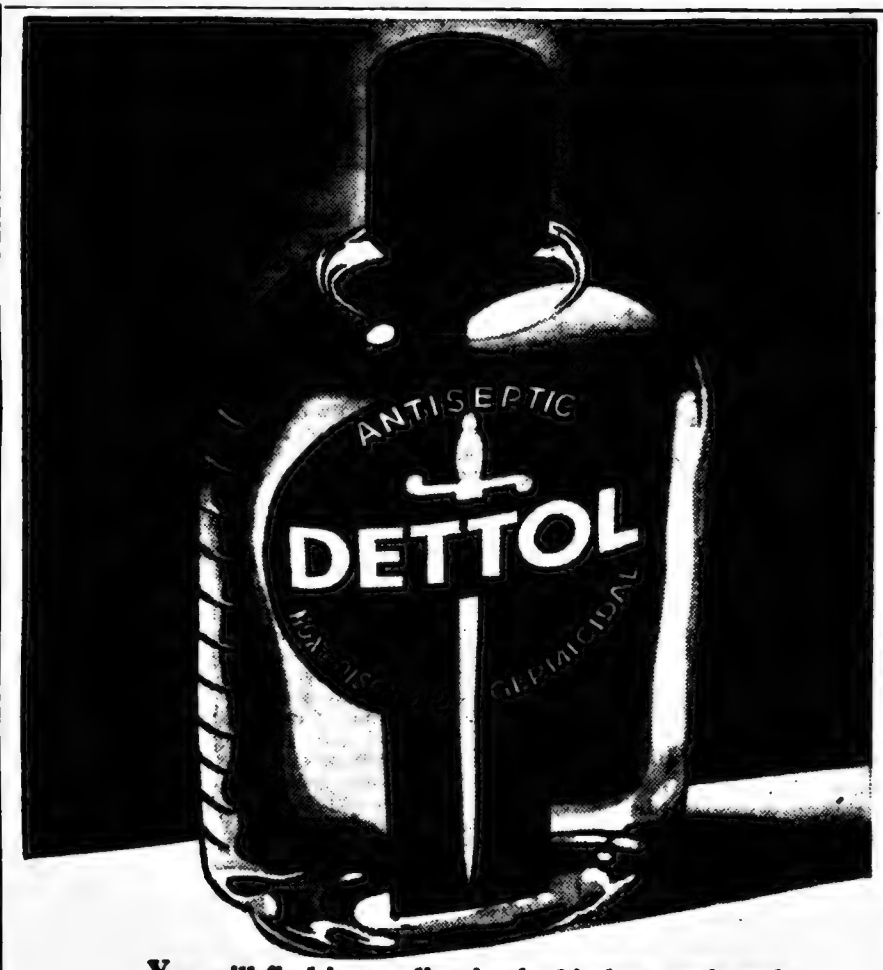
WHY NOT PAY ARMS-WORKERS ARMY RATES?

● A lot of silly people suggest this. They think it will mean two bob a day all round.

They think that every skilled engineer would count as a private They forget that, because of his knowledge, experience and ability to instruct the hundreds of thousands of unskilled workers pouring into the munition factories, the average engineer is entitled to rank as Major, at least.

In fact, many Generals count less than a skilled engineer in the war effort.

No, I don't think we can afford to pay our engineers at Army rates That is, unless the entire nation, its man-power, woman-power, money and everything, were conscripted for war purposes.



You will find it standing in the kitchen cupboard of a cottage remote on the Cornish coast. You will find it in the Dressing-station of a coal-mine in Durham. You will find it in the Consulting-room or Surgery of almost every doctor in the country.

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"JOHN BULL'S" TEN-MINUTE STORY . . . By W. A. SWEENEY

DOUBLE PLANT

I REMEMBER when I consented to Mrs. Brimlow's proposal that I should become tutor to her ten-year-old son Septimus.

I remember it because, when I first met the celestial child, he contrived, in his masterly Machiavellian manner, to have a piece of sharp wood sticking up through the chair I sat in!

How memories of the charming infant crowd on me! There was the incident of the great shoe mystery, when he got up during the night, when staying with his parents in an hotel in Brighton, and spent hours tying all the laces of forty pairs of shoes together in hard knots.

Again, the affair of the melted glue, which he put in the soup when the Montgomerys' cook wasn't looking, when spending a week-end there.

Dear, dear, how they come back, the souvenirs of the engaging child! I found Montgomery afterwards, wandering about the garden, very pale, and with an expression that alarmed his wife.

"I'm trying," he was muttering in a low growl, "to think up something for that kid. Something with a nail in it. . . Something for him to sit on...."

But Montgomery was not the same man for a long time after that glue business.

One afternoon when my infant charge was supposed to be writing an imposition (he was either doing that or seeking diligently for fish-heads to place in his father's dress trousers, I reflected tranquilly), I was having tea with his mother.

"Mr. Stilton," she said, "I'm at an *impasse* in my work."

"Ah," I said, and took a cake.

Now Mrs. Brimlow's work was writing. She was a woman novelist. And it's about as difficult to know what to say to an authoress when she says she's at an *impasse* in her work as to say the correct thing when your host holds up an impressionist masterpiece which reminds you of chop-suey and asks, "Now what do you think of that?"

"The situation," went on Mrs. Brimlow, "is this. My husband is going to have the shock of realising that his wife can tolerate existence with him no longer."

"Good heavens above!" I ejaculated, swallowing a large lump of cake.

Brimlow was a small, insignificant-looking man, but a considerable scholar. He had never in his life read one of his wife's novels, through an unwavering conviction that she could not spell.

"But is this—is this a sudden decision, Mrs. Brimlow?" I stammered. "Has your husband any idea that——"

"I'm talking about my *character*—the husband in the story I'm writing," she explained a little snappily.

Again, the affair of the melted glue, which he put into the soup when the Montgomerys' cook wasn't looking, when spending a week-end there

"Ah," I said. Old Brimlow wasn't for the axe after all, then.

"In my novel the wife is going to leave her husband. She needs expansion. He cramps her. It is inevitable that she leaves him to go to those higher spheres of development where she will, at least, find the true expression of her *real* self.

"She is standing, as it were," went on Mrs. Brimlow, as if quoting something, "on a mountain peak, with outstretched arms, looking at the dawn and its message, and waiting to go down the grassy slope of a fuller life, with Hilary."

"Who's Hilary?" I asked, gasping as she turned this literary hose-pipe on me.

"The other man in the story," she said shortly.

Hilary, I perceived, was the dirty dog.

"They have been married for years, and suddenly he finds a letter from his wife saying she has left him. What would be the first thing he would do?"

"It all depends on where he found the letter, Mrs. Brimlow," I observed judicially.

"I don't follow you."

"Well, if he found it in the dining-room, the first thing he would do would be to go to the sideboard for a drink. Depend upon it. Men always fly to——"

"The husband in my story does not drink," she replied tartly. "The situation must be written convincingly, realistically, at all costs. There is only one way I can find this out, and that is by practical experiment."

SHE paused, and I stared at her. "I propose staging a little scene to see how my husband would behave in such circumstances."

"Won't it be rather rough on him as an experiment?" I said feebly.

"I never hesitate, Mr. Stilton, to make a sacrifice myself in the cause of art; and why should I spare others?

"Besides, I shall be in hiding, watching him as he reads; and when I have registered his reactions I shall come forth, of course, and explain that it was all a—er—joke."

"No doubt he'll think it a first-class crack," I murmured.

She produced a letter—she had it all ready!—and handed it to me. It ran:—

This is to tell you that I am leaving you. I am sorry, but we have never understood each other's mentality. We were cast in two different moulds. It is Destiny, and useless to grieve.

I am going to the one man whose soul will lift me from the arid plains, where I have dwelt too long, as on the wings of an eagle into those realms of a greater love for which he and I were made.

Hilary, I supposed, was the eagle. Though I didn't know him, I would have backed him as a scaly-headed vulture myself.

"My husband," went on Mrs. Brimlow, glancing at the clock, "will be home in about ten minutes. I am going to leave this for him in the hall, and I'll conceal myself in that antique cupboard that stands there. And, Mr. Stilton, I want you to come too."

"But, Mrs. Brimlow!"

"Well," she hesitated, and then laughed. "Well, I'd rather have somebody with me to—to help explain, in case John takes it the wrong way, or anything. It would be easier for me to—to explain it was a joke. . . ."

Well, I was a hired slave, after all, and had to obey.

ABOUT the time Brimlow was due to arrive, we took up our positions in this piece of furniture, leaving the door just sufficiently ajar to command a view.

"We've been married nearly twenty years," whispered Mrs. Brimlow. "I do hope he doesn't take it too much to heart before I have time to——"

She stopped, for the door opened and Brimlow entered. As he stepped over to hang up his hat, his eye fell on the envelope, and his brow wrinkled.

Mrs. Brimlow had now the decency to grow pale at her crazy experiment. As I watched Brimlow slowly open the envelope, I suddenly became aware of something very strange—and sniffed. So did Mrs. Brimlow.

The very strange thing was a powerful and nauseating odour which suggested that all the drains in the street had gone wrong suddenly.

Brimlow read the letter through to the end—then turned the page to see if there was any more.

Now was the moment. Would he reel back, cry aloud, drop, faint, stagger, with hand to anguished brow?

Brimlow looked up—and then he, too, sniffed. He sniffed again, blinking and looking in the direction of the hat-rack, like a pointer; and then, with a bellow of rage, he reached up and produced, from under a hat, a large, dead, very decomposed rat!

Dropping the letter on the floor, he made for the interior of the house.

"Septimus, you young blackguard! Where are you?" he was roaring. "Wait till I lay my hands on you, my lad! Where are you? Darn you, I'll teach you to put dead rats in the hat-rack, you infernal young——

His voice died away in the inner regions, and a strange silence fell.

The letter was lying where he had carelessly thrown it down, beside the rat. I glanced at Mrs. Brimlow. She was still pale, but from a different cause, I fancied. There was a dangerous glitter in her eyes, though she was keeping herself in control.

"Well, have you—er—registered all the necessary reactions, Mrs. Brimlow?" I ventured.

"Be so good," she replied through her clenched teeth, "as to find Septimus and bring him to me. I have something to discuss with that child."

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Family Backchat

HUMANIST reviews the advantages of big families, where children are not spoilt but very quickly learn their real place in the general scheme of things.

LETTERS reaching me from mothers of large families have one point in common—their cheerfulness.

You will find, says one writer, **that big families are generally strong and healthy. The mothers have not the time to pamper and spoil them!**

I have eleven children, all healthy and strong. Six of them have won scholarships to secondary schools.

They have all been brought up to be of service to the country.

The eldest is working in a bridge-building squad; two are in the Royal Navy, two others are fighting in the Middle East, another is in the R.A.F., and the youngest is in the A.T.C.

The mother who rears a robust family is an asset to the nation. We shall need more children to replace those who are lost during the war.

The writer does not say what her daughters are doing, but I imagine that the family record will be hard to beat.

What she says about pampered children is very true. The danger of excessive "fussing" by parents is greatest when the family is small in number.

So-called "problem children"—those who take to stealing and those who are morbidly sensitive—nearly always belong to a small family. They are often "only children."

A young boy whose life is lived in the company of adults is always in danger of becoming peculiar or precocious. He feels he is the "odd" one and behaves accordingly.

He is often self-centred. If he belonged to a bigger family and joined in ragging and practical jokes he would be less inclined to brood over himself.

Another letter about the importance of belonging to a big family comes from a man who confesses that he owes much to his sisters.

They did not pamper him or idolise him: they made him realise his insignificance! This is what he says:

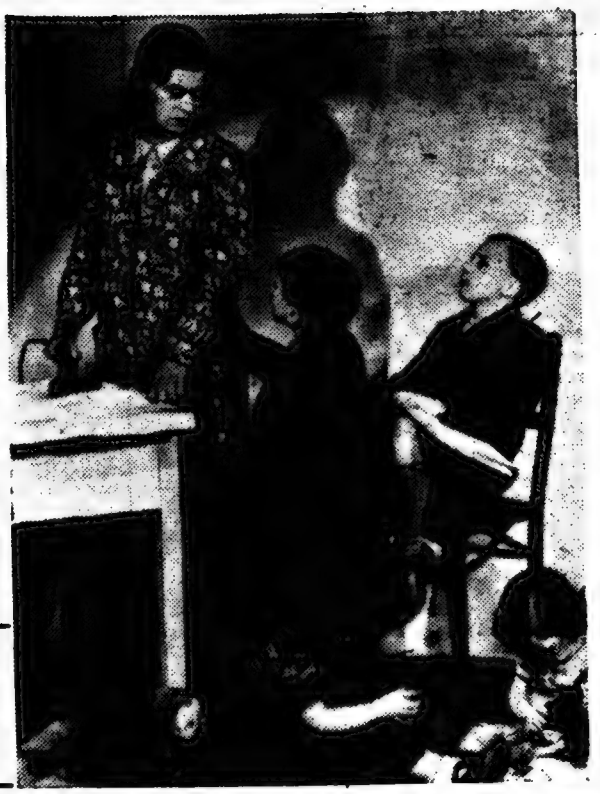
I wonder if you agree with the magistrate who gave his opinion that an only son is unfortunate in not having to compete with brothers.

The presence of brothers is a curb to selfishness.

But speaking as a member of a large family I think it is obvious that it is the sisters, not the brothers, who keep a boy from egotism and vain thoughts.

The sarcastic comment or the biting wit of a sister is the best possible antidote to male arrogance. The boy quickly learns his real place in the general scheme of things.

This was certainly so in my case, and I am grateful to sisters who kept me level-headed.



Big families are generally strong and healthy. Their mothers have not the time to pamper and spoil them

The boy who has been brought up with girls is likely to learn his place and keep it.

I should like to know what you think about the subject.

Neither sisters nor brothers are apt to flatter other members of the family, and it is certainly good to rid the mind of illusions early in life.

I think the presence of girls in the home is good for the boys, and it is not less true that the presence of brothers is good for the girls.

Where the family consists of boys only they are liable to regard girls with a certain trepidation, and the daughter from an all-girl home is ridiculously scared of boys.

The late W. T. Stead said that when the family consisted only of boys the parents should adopt a girl.

This brings us to the question of co-education.

Segregation of the sexes during childhood has been a tradition in this country for centuries, but surely the mixing of the sexes is an important factor in education for social life.

It is a controversial subject. Some teachers declare that the presence of girls among boys (and *vice-versa*) has a distracting influence and prevents serious study.

Still, there is more in education than can be found in the textbooks.

ANOTHER young man presents a problem which must have confronted a good many people during the last year or two:

How does one treat a neighbour who daily proclaims his anti-British opinions?

The couple who live next door to me are comfortably off and well educated, yet ever since the outbreak of war they have openly derided Britain's efforts.

They say that Germany is a fine country. They never miss an opportunity of grumbling about food-rationing, high taxation, and other war time conditions.

They show lights from their house almost every evening, and so far they have escaped prosecution, though they have been warned both by wardens and by police.

They have not volunteered for anything. They refuse to grow vegetables, because it would spoil their flowers!

If one remonstrates with them they show resentment, even nastiness, saying they have a right to speak and act with perfect freedom.

What do you think I ought to do about such people?

These neighbours must be either Fifth Columnists or silly idiots, and I don't think they are Fifth Columnists.

A man who derides the air battles of last autumn, the battle of the River Plate, the triumphs of North Africa, the story of Dunkirk, and the behaviour of British people under mass raids at night must be a born fool.

It is useless to argue with him. One can only feel how pathetic he is.

People who deliberately show unscreened lights at night ought to be jailed.

As for the rights of free speech, they ought to know what would happen to them if they uttered similar opinions in the country they profess to admire.

The case is too blatant to be taken seriously.

I would not take the trouble to deal with it if I did not know that there are a few defeatists in our midst—the inveterate grumblers who belittle everything we do and who contribute nothing until they are forced.

There is more freedom of speech and action in these islands than anywhere else in Europe, but absolute freedom does not exist except for a tyrant.

During war time we have to sacrifice a certain amount of individual liberty to prevent our losing it altogether.

We have to draw back a few steps in order to leap farther forward.

But to return to the problem described in the letter: What ought the young man to do about his neighbours?

He ought to make sure that they are not "pulling his leg" first of all. It sounds very like that.

If they really mean what they say, it is pretty certain that the police know all about them and have decided that they are not worth worrying about—yet.

An acquaintance of mine, a Mr. Smith, used to talk anti-British sentiments in the early days. Instead of treating him seriously, all his neighbours addressed him as "Herr Schmidt" and greeted him with a Nazi salute.

He has lived it down now.

When his house had its face blown in he became a fervent patriot and joined the A.R.P.

THE GREATEST OF THESE

"I served thirteen years in the Suffolk Regiment and the rest of my time in the Green Howards, being discharged in 1940," writes Leslie Jaggard, of Newmarket.

A serious accident while in an Army lorry caused him to be on the sick list for three months.

Since then he has never been in good health—and he is not likely to be fit for work for a long time yet.

He has a wife and two young children to support on the meagre sum of 26s. 2d. a week.

Worrying how to feed them must surely retard this old soldier's recovery, and we therefore appeal to our generous readers to send donations, earmarked "Concussion," to help him in his desperate plight.

Letters should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given, and lists of subscriptions are kept at this office. A copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

There are no deductions for administration expenses, every penny sent being devoted to the Fund.

We are grateful to those who send to us anonymously.

TURNING POINT

WHEN we're tired of struggling up Life's road, and everything looks grey, and we hardly dare to look ahead to another weary day, when our minds are filled with worry, and our hearts are tinged with fear, it's then Life's sudden Turning Point looms miraculously near.

WHEN we lose the power of hoping against Disaster's sway, when we see our last chance waning as we try to keep at bay Fate's overwhelming forces, which seem ranged against our strength, it's then Life's Golden Turning Point shines across Fear's length.

WHEN we do the thing we know is right and things still keep getting worse, when the whole of our endeavour seems split up by some curse, when we dread to take another step for what it may bring forth, it's then the sunshine from Life's South floods in upon Life's North.

WHEN we see Life's road of Promise heaped with our ruined dreams, when the tears of disappointment drench Life's mellow faith-lit gleams, when the very things we've banked on crumble as we draw near, it's then God's Turning Point to Life shines out crystal clear.

WHEN the Light of Truth is clouded by the spate of hellish lies, when the boasts of Fools are set against the good deeds of the wise, when Circumstance betrays us, and Bad Luck takes its toll, there will come The Last Great Turning Point, The Triumph of The Soul.

J. M.

GUINEAS FOR READERS

Every week HUMANIST tackles a postbag of human problems, and he will help you if you are in doubt. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name).

Smokers' 'Fur'

**How to detect it—
How to prevent it**

Try this now. Run your tongue round your mouth—do you notice it . . . a rough woolly feeling. Smokers' fur has got a hold, and is staining your teeth. But don't worry, you can stop this fur from ruining the look of your teeth.

Protect Teeth with new toothpaste containing ★'MILK OF MAGNESIA'

Dentists know smokers' fur is caused by excess acid in the mouth. Kill the acid and you shift the fur. What is the scientific way to destroy mouth acid? 12,000 dentists say 'Milk of Magnesia' is the most effective antacid known. They recommend smokers to use the toothpaste containing 'Milk of Magnesia'—the only toothpaste containing it—Phillips' Dental Magnesia.

Commence fighting mouth acid to-night. Get a tube of Phillips' Dental Magnesia and clean your teeth with it each night and morning. Then you'll feel the difference; no more morning mouth; no more stale breath. Instead you'll have teeth which look clean, feel clean, are clean; a sweet mouth to give new zest to smoking. A mouth that will say Good morning! and mean it.

7½d., 1/1d., and 1/10½d. (including Purchase Tax). Sold Everywhere.

Phillips' Dental Magnesia

THE ANTACID TOOTHPASTE

★ *'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.*

Grenadier Guards.
Raised in 1656 as the 1st Foot Guards. The grenade was awarded a badge about 1768. At Waterloo, where they wore the Shako, the 1st Foot Guards defeated the Imperial Guard of Napoleon so severely that, as a battle honour, the title "Grenadier" and the bearskin cap, similar to that worn by the Old Guard of France, was bestowed upon them.

For Smartness on all occasions they use

CB/TG/12

So brilliant · So quick · So easy

CB/TG/12

SHINING WINDOWS 3 TIMES QUICKER

I SHAKE SOME WINDOLENE ON TO A SOFT CLOTH...
APPLY LIGHTLY TO WINDOW—NO HARD RUBBING IS NECESSARY
...ALLOW A MOMENT TO DRY, THEN I GIVE A QUICK POLISH WITH DRY DUSTER

Goodbye to water splashing—goodbye to hard rubbing! Windolene cleans in a jiffy. It's economical, too—a 6d. tin of Windolene actually cleans over 200 square feet of glass!

See what a new sparkle it brings to your windows, mirrors and picture glass.

Bluebell Polish Co., London, W.C.1 (Reckitt & Sons)

3d., 6d. and 1/- a tin

Windolene

CLEANS WINDOWS EASILY

This is Your feature—a weekly opportunity for readers to tell the world their news and views. We pay 10s. 6d. for each letter published. The address is: "Voice of the People," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

Voice of the People

I WAS one of six hundred R.A.F. men who were paraded to hear a big-wig explain why they should put their spare money in war loan.

Not one word of appeal to our patriotism was uttered.

Instead, bogyman tactics were resorted to. We were told the destitution among ex-Servicemen that followed the last war. There was a hint that "this time things might be worse."

What I heard from scores of colleagues suggests that the Exchequer will be the poorer as the result of that fat-head's "appeal."—Aircraftman S. M., Somewhere in Britain.

Such people helped to give us the last slump. They'll give us another if trusted with authority.

Dig for Nothing!

We were told that if we dug for victory our allotments would be assured. They wouldn't be snatched away from us as soon as the war ended, as happened last time.

Well, I am one of a number of people whose allotments (with all the hard work done, seeds bought, and much of the planting begun) have been snatched away already—to permit the erection of three tin sheds.

And all round are huge expanses of playing-fields—and even uncultivated ground. — Mrs. S. Blackmore, 36, Waltham Avenue, Guildford.

One-Way Traffic

While patrolling a busy road in the course of my duties as a war-time policeman, I took a count of empty lorries passing me.

In thirty minutes eighty-five went by all empty. Noting their numbers, I guessed they had come an average distance of forty-five miles each.

I should say they used—again on average—fifteen miles to the gallon.

From this, I worked out that they would use 5,100 gallons of petrol in ten hours of carrying nothing.

Nobody can tell me that this waste is necessary. Proof that there are cargoes to be carried from every one town to every other can be gained from the fact that lorries pass each other and don't all go in one direction.—Constable M. T. F., Westhoughton, Lancs.

Get-Rich-Quick Boys

I have to interview applicants for posts with the company by which I am employed—a company which pays good, but reasonable, wages.

I am weary of the continual procession of unskilled youths who are holding themselves up to the highest bidder while their brothers are fighting.

Typical was a youth of seventeen who called last week (and who, before the war, couldn't have hoped for more than 15s. a week as an errand boy).

He sauntered away on hearing that the wage for a lad of his age was £2 10s. "I came for a wage—not pocket money," he said.

I asked him why he came, seeing that he said that he had been drawing £4 10s. a week at his first place of employment, and £7 a week at the next.

"I'm after *more money*," he said. —Miss E. B. N., a Midlands town.

Bombs and "Bullets"

Looking over *Bullets* prize-winners, I am staggered how many winners have evolved their successful lines in such blitzed towns as London, Coventry, Portsmouth, etc.

My opinion is that you need absolute peace and quiet in building your lines—yet here are people who can do so while bombs are falling and "ack-ack" guns roaring.

I take off my hat to those who can compete under such difficulties.—Mrs. M. McIntosh, Pitt Street, Edinburgh.

Competition Editor tells us *Bullets* has become a favourite pastime of the shelters. As to quiet, he quotes brilliant lines evolved by readers on 'bus-tops.

Good for Grumblers

Taxation will take £60 more from me this year than last.

But, due to the shortage of cars, my new eight-horse-power saloon is worth £90 more. The Purchase Tax has increased the value of my domestic possessions by more than £50.

I can pay those increased taxes and still feel better off to the extent of £80 or so—and I dare say some of the worst grumblers about higher taxes are in the same boat.—J. Best, Uxbridge Road, W.

Civilians First

Not one person in a hundred has heard a military band throughout this war.

How the good stirring music would have cheered the people of blitzed London, Coventry, Bristol, Portsmouth, etc. But no, the authorities hadn't sufficient imagination.

But now I see a picture of a crack regimental band, with Drum-Major swinging his "wand," playing an introduction to the first race on Lincoln racecourse.

Whether a racecourse is a proper place for binoculars at this critical juncture I don't know. Whether able-bodied people should spend whole days racegoing is something I needn't discuss.

Nor shall I concern myself with the problem of whether racehorses ought to eat the grain which, fed to poultry, cows, pigs, etc., would help to feed human beings.

I shall content myself with saying that to put punters, bookmakers and tic-tac men before nerve-torn civilians and men who are fighting for two bob a day is both astounding and disgraceful.—Robert Lock, Clarence Road, Exmouth, Devon.

Promotion Record?

Being interested in your letters about quick Army promotion, I doubt if anybody can beat this:

I joined the Ayrshire Royal Horse Artillery, September 4, 1914—as a gunner—and was promoted Battery Sergeant-Major two days later. I still have the documents in proof.—E. S. Mansfield (late 602133 B.S.-M.), 73, Glasgow Road, Portsmouth, Hants.

And promotion used to be regarded as slower in the Royal Horse Artillery than in any other regiment.

Safety First

Closing of a particular railway line or lines following a "blitz" leads to all sorts of rumours exaggerating the extent of the damage.

It is good to remember that when lines are closed following bombing, it is usually to enable daylight inspection of tracks, bridges, etc., to be made. More often than not, it is soon possible to reopen them.

The same precautions are taken in the case of a landslide—although inspection may eventually show that the damage to tracks is *nil*.—F. Richford, Lavender Hill, Tonbridge, Kent.

"Demoted" By Wound

My husband, a sergeant in the Army, was wounded in action.

On returning to his unit after a long time in hospital he was informed that he had been reduced to the rank of corporal "owing to his prolonged absence."

What exactly is the meaning of the phrase "promotion by merit"?—Mrs. M. H., Somewhere in England.

They Shouldn't Grumble

We are all making sacrifices for victory. But the people who should be the last to grumble are the folk who already have established homes and all the furniture they require.

They should think of people just married or just marrying, who can't rent a home unless it is one somebody else has regarded as unsafe; have to pay a chronic price for furniture, and so on out of earnings seriously depleted by taxation—if not out of a soldier's wage.

Give them credit for courage. Help them all you can. The struggle is very unequal as far as they are concerned.—R. Melhuish, Uxbridge Road, W.

Books Have Wings

Your correspondent, R. A. Whitchurch, of Cardiff, wonders why he—a soldier—was refused the loan of books at a private lending library.

I could tell him.

A ship has just left our local harbour carrying fifteen books lent to the crew by a local library.

I am the assistant who was foolish enough to part with them. I have got to pay. Worry over the whole business has made me ill.—L. B. (address withheld).

Careful—They're Tough

"Bear-baiting" is a new military game introduced to this country by Canadian troops.

A soldier armed with a pass, and every right to travel to his destination, affects to look startled on seeing the military police approach, and forthwith bolts.

The "M.P.s" give chase. Slowly they gain on their quarry—surely a deserter of many months' standing! One last spurt—and they've got him.

Whereupon he shows his pass.—F. Slater, Streatham Hill, S.W.

Best to make sure the M.P. doesn't display a revolver-holster.

Self-Help?

I used to get many car lifts offered to me when motorists were given extra petrol under the "Help Your Neighbour" scheme.

Now that no extra is available I am merely hooted at—and splashed with mud.

Presumably the whole idea had nothing to do with "Help Your Neighbour." "Help your petrol ration" must have been the motive.—N. C., Ringinglow Road, Sheffield, 11.

Repeal the Law that Protects Them

MOST property looks better without iron railings. And the metal is needed.

The reason there is such a poor response to appeals to surrender such railings to the war effort is that the law stands in the way.

Most title-deeds insist upon the erection and maintenance "in all time" of parapet walls and railings.

Let an Act of Parliament wipe out that condition—and the unsightly railings will disappear.—Miss F. L. Stewart, Camperdown Street, Broughty Ferry, Scotland.

Side-Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips." When the same "slip" is submitted by more than one person, that which arrives with the earliest postmark receives the award.

WESTERN MORNING NEWS:—"Mr. C—— also defended in this CAKE."

SOUTH WALES WEEKLY ARGUS:—"A high official of the Ministry of Health had conducted an extensive inspection of the HOSTESS."

YORKSHIRE EVENING NEWS:—"... was sent to prison for 21 MAGISTRATES to-day."

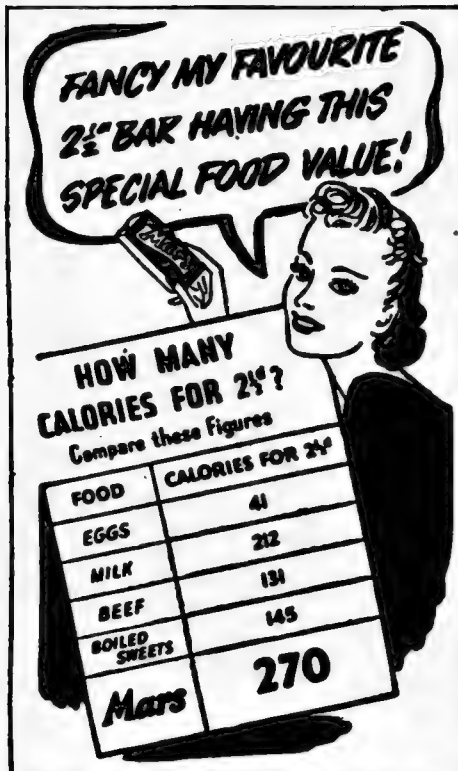
NEWCASTLE EVENING CHRONICLE:—"... and stories of super gases so powerful that one drop placed in the EYE OF A DOG WILL KILL A HORSE."

DURHAM CHRONICLE:—"Mr. J. B—— was the best man and the officiating clergyman was the PIANO."

EVESHAM JOURNAL AND FOUR SHIRES ADVERTISER:—"The youngest BRIDEGROOM received a brooch."

LLANELLY MERCURY:—"She MARRIED a Victorian posy."

DAILY DISPATCH:—"Shop-girls 'bombed out' of work in a city, domestic servants and BOARDING-HOUSE assistants in resorts which will not see many visitors this year must be prepared to try new jobs, in a new town."

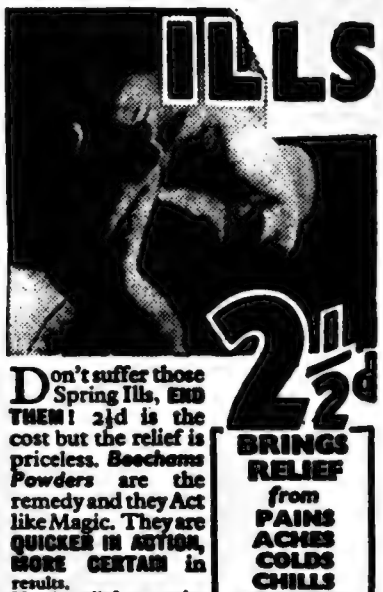


Think of a Mars Bar. Imagine that smooth chocolate, that tasty malted milk, that delicious caramel centre in your mouth. *Irresistible*, isn't it? It's specially rich in calories—those invaluable energy-builders. Mars is a meal in itself—and what a lot you get for 2½d.

Mars 2½d

End Those

SPRING ILLS



Don't suffer those Spring Ills, END THEM! 2½d is the cost but the relief is priceless. *Beechams Powders* are the remedy and they Act like Magic. They are QUICKER IN ACTION, MORE CERTAIN in results.
Here's relief at a price which you can afford. Do not neglect to accept it!

2½d BRINGS RELIEF from PAINS ACHES COLDS CHILLS FEVERISH ATTACKS

Cartons of 8 Powders 1/8. Single Powders 2½d each. (Including Purchase Tax). A Beecham Product.

BEECHAMS POWDERS 2½ EACH

Grumpus into Smilus

A Wartime Incident on the Home Front

Specially reported by one of the parties concerned

This conversation is almost word for word as voluntarily reported to us by the "old Grumpus" now turned "gay young Smilus". If *you* feel that work and worry and poor health are making you gloomy and irritable, take his tip! *Start taking* IRON 'JELLOIDS' *with your next meal* and you'll soon find that your growing *Iron-strength* will enable you to tackle your troubles with energy, optimism, and a smile on your face. All chemists and stores sell IRON 'JELLOIDS,' at 1/5 and 3/5 (including Purchase Tax).

"I say, Dad, what's happened to you lately? You're all smiles and hopping about like a two-year-old! Has anyone left you some money?"

"No, Mother! To tell the truth, I'm feeling better than I've felt for years, and life seems good again."

"Well, what has caused it? You've been such an old 'Grumpus' for so long, it doesn't seem natural for you to be any different now."

"I saw those IRON 'JELLOIDS' advertised and was tempted to buy a box. I thought I needed a tonic, as everything seemed to be getting on top of me and the strain was just too much for me."

"And did you take them?"

"Yes! The first box made me feel a bit better, so I bought another and am now on my third, and I must say I feel almost a new man. Anyway, I feel life is worth living again, in spite of the war, and I think you would too if you took them."

"Well, they certainly seem to have turned my old 'Grumpus' of a husband into a gay young 'Smilus'!"

Iron Jelloids

For WOMEN: No. 2. For MEN: No. 2A (*containing quinine*).

will make you feel better every day!

Our booklet entitled "IRON-STARVATION, *the Thief of Health and Strength*," will be sent post free on receipt of this coupon. Some headings are: The Vital Importance of Iron — Iron Starvation, Woman's Worst Enemy —Vicious Circle of Iron Starvation— How Young Girls Suffer — The Danger to Expectant Mothers—Iron Better than any Beauty Treatment— The Iron-starved Man — The Iron-starved Child—Hints on Diet—etc.

The word 'Jelloids' is regd. No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture.

COUPON for FREE BOOK

The Iron Jelloid Co. Ltd. (Dept. J117), Watford. Please send your booklet "IRON-STARVATION, The Thief of Health and Strength." J.B. 3/5/41

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Post UNsealed under 1d. stamp. Use BLOCK letters.

SAFETY FIRST

The unrivalled germ-killing action of Cuticura brand Ointment is your best possible safeguard against septic poisoning in cuts and all skin abrasions. Boils, chronic ulcers, rashes, festerings and gatherings all swiftly yield to its irresistible healing power.

Obtainable at all Chemists and Stores.

Cuticura OINTMENT

½d. PER GALLON!

That's all it costs for the World's best vegetable fertiliser.

HAS your soil a chance to grow good vegetables? Nine out of ten soils lack sufficient HUMUS, without which plants cannot thrive. Sangral, applied in liquid form will make good this loss in 6 Hours. Results will be obvious in 10 days!

Sangral is the soluble ALL-PURPOSE fertiliser for all vegetables, fruit and flowers. It cannot harm or "burn" even delicate seedlings, costs only ½d. per gallon and is used by over 2 million gardeners, nurserymen and market gardeners. Make a test this week for 6d.

GROW REAL VEGETABLES

THIS YEAR—USE

SANGRAL

TEN-DAY FERTILISER

6d., 1/6., 3/- & 5/- Sold everywhere

LASCO LTD., LIVERPOOL.

Look up and Smile —the Odol Smile

Keep your chin up and smile the winning smile—the Odol Smile! There's more than confidence and courage behind an Odol Smile —there's the security of sound teeth, protected from the danger of damaged enamel by fine, smooth, non-scratch Odol—and when you smile, you know that you reveal the beauty of pearly teeth. So use Odol, the finest, smoothest tooth-paste made.

Besides being perfect for natural teeth, Odol Tooth Powder, cleans False Teeth and Plates beautifully. 7½d. a tin.

Odol

TOOTH-PASTE 7½d. & 1/3d.
SOLID DENTIFRICE 7½d.
Including Purchase Tax.

Tired Wives

HERE'S WHAT DOCTORS ADVISE:

If you're too tired all the time, your system is probably filled up with sour, dangerous poisons, that keep organs from working as they should, poisons that inflame the blood. Your system needs a thorough cleansing.

Yet doctors warn women that their delicate systems can be permanently injured by harsh injurious laxatives that seem to tear you apart. Instead, doctors say, take the way *nature* devised to cool your blood, and cleanse out accumulated poisons. Take 'California Syrup of Figs.' A delicious liquid, it contains the juices of whole sun-ripened figs. You have the health-giving, blood-purifying value of fresh fruit itself. Quickly, yet gently, your system is cleansed. You feel wonderful, filled with new vibrant energy. You're happy and well. Gone is the very *reason* for your tiredness.

Once you see how this safe, sure remedy puts your system in splendid working order, give 'California Syrup of Figs' to your children, too. All children love the taste of it. So if you want to be rid of internal poisons, be sure you get 'California Syrup of Figs' brand today . . . 1/5 and 2/10 (including Purchase Tax).

A. W. HEL

describes the ca boxer in cap whose apparent antics in the rin reality played tant part in hi Meet Maxie jester who is

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Playboy R

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As a sower of wild his own, and there name was more oft because of his brea and extravagances activities.

There were so m around Maxie's tra

A. W. HELLIWELL

describes the career of a boxer in cap and bells whose apparently foolish antics in the ring have in reality played an important part in his success. Meet Maxie Baer, the jester who is no fool

Domestic aspect of a famous boxer not usually seen by his admiring fans—Max Baer, to-day a sedate and happily-married family man, with Mrs. Baer, and Max Baer junr.

★

CLOWN PRINCE OF BOXING

THERE was a time way back in Maxie Baer's hectic and writ-strewn past when that astonishing young man owned no fewer than three 16-cylinder Cadillacs, fifty suits of clothes, and only he knows how many sweeties.

In eight years the wisecracking Clown Prince of Pugilism ran through half a million dollars, bewildering even hard-boiled New York night-lifers by the zest and gusto with which he daubed Broadway his own particular shade of crimson-lake.

Yet to-day, a sedate and happily married family man, Baer can contemplate the future without a qualm, sure of a £50-a-week income from his thirty-fifth birthday onwards. And that, whichever way you look at it, is quite an achievement.

It was at the Dorchester Hotel, when he was in London for his fights with Farr and Foord, that the big and handsome Maxie first told me of the trust fund he had established to guarantee him this income for life. Baer was in serious mood that evening.

"You know," he said, "I'd like to write a book that would help every kid setting out in life."

For a moment I thought he was pulling my leg. The Maxie I knew best was a boisterous young man whose favourite practical joke was to steal up behind you and give you what he called a "hot foot" by inserting a lighted match in the welt of your shoe.

He must have read my thoughts.

"I'm not kidding," he went on. "I could write a book telling every boy just what not to do from the experiences of my own misspent life."

Playboy Reputation

There was a lot in what he said, for certainly in the first years of his amazing career Baer earned a playboy reputation that has never been equalled by any fighter.

As a sower of wild oats he was out on his own, and there was a time when his name was more often in the headlines because of his breach of promise cases and extravagances than his pugilistic activities.

There were so many blondes hanging around Maxie's training camps in those madcap days that Ziegfeld could have picked himself a Follies chorus without moving from the ringside, and the evenings when Baer did not step out to a night club or a cabaret were rare.

But, as I discovered that night at the Dorchester, Max is by no means the scatterbrained buffoon many people imagine him to be. On the contrary, he is an extraordinarily astute young man.

True, the next time I saw him he was dancing in a West End restaurant, and suddenly left his partner to grab the microphone and croon a chorus with the band; but that was only characteristic of his irrepressible spirits. Baer is, and he always will be, just a schoolboy at heart.

Clowning Pays Dividends

As for his antics in the ring—his clowning, grimacing, and other histrionics—Baer has found that they pay big dividends. He is a perfect showman, and the capers that set the fans roaring with laughter are as much a part of his stock-in-trade as his spectacular right-hand punch.

I shall not easily forget that night at Harringay Arena, when Baer battered Ben Foord to defeat.

Max was in formidable form. The mock snarls of rage and the ferocious grimaces in which he indulged between bouts of savage punching upset poor Foord almost as much as the punches.

Before this, Baer had lost to Farr, putting up such an ineffectual show against Tommy's left-hand jabs that it seemed incredible that he ever could have been a world-beater.

But he wiped the slate clean against Foord.

From the moment he entered the ring, puffing out his deep chest and displaying his magnificent physique for the entertainment of the crowd, Baer held us all by the sheer magnetism of his remarkable personality.

He winked and wisecracked with the sports writers near his corner, blew kisses to the prettiest girls at the ringside, and succeeded in kidding Foord into a state of nervous hysteria.

He would slug him dizzy with a succession of terrific rights, and then step back and stop with arms akimbo, shaking his head sorrowfully. Or he would bare his teeth and roar like a cannibal chief as he advanced with one glove raised club-fashion, and then, as Foord backed apprehensively to the ropes, he would suddenly smile and ruffle his opponent's hair like an affectionate elder brother.

After a few rounds of this sort of clowning he had Foord so rattled that the South African was even provoked into pulling faces in retaliation. Baer, of course, loved this. He roared with laughter louder than anyone in the crowd.

Maxie treated Primo Carnera with the same scant respect when he took the world heavyweight title from the Italian. He rolled his eyes in pantomime fright as the "Man Mountain" advanced upon him, and then, with a swift change of expression and terrifying snarl, belted him with stunning blows.

He knocked Carnera down thirteen times, and every time the Italian climbed to his feet Maxie would sigh and exclaim loudly for the benefit of the crowd: "Oh dear, I am in *such* poor form to-night."

Pop-eyed Champion

In between rounds he clowned with his seconds, and once actually crossed the ring to rub his feet in Carnera's resin, while the champion gazed at him in pop-eyed bewilderment.

At the end of the fight Baer seized the microphone to broadcast a message to his mother, and then lightly vaulted the ropes to demonstrate his freshness.

The ex-champ.—he lost his title to "Cinderella Man" Braddock almost a year later—is well aware of the psychological effect of all this on his opponents. Against a nervous or highly strung man it can be as devastating as a crack on the chin.

Baer, whose knowledge of scientific tactics could be written on the back of a postage-stamp, uses his kidding to pave the way to a kayo, just as the more skilful boxer employs his strategy and ringcraft.

Max knows his limitations as a boxer, but he is also fully aware that in his right hand he packs one of the hardest wallops in the business—a crushing punch that has developed from his early days, when he swung a cleaver in the slaughter-house.

Meat-Axe Muscles

When he was sixteen he worked twelve hours a day killing and dressing cattle at the slaughter-house where his father was boss. It was a tough he-man's job, and although at that time Baer had no idea of ever becoming a fighter—he had never struck an angry blow in his life—yet each swing of the heavy meat-axe he used developed his muscles that were later to produce his tremendous punch.

Baer still uses his right hand as though he is gripping an axe, whirling it over and down as if he were still a slaughterer.

Max killed a man with this punch once, and the ghost of poor Frankie Campbell has haunted him ever since, which explains why he has so often stood back and dropped his hands when he has had an opponent at his mercy.

Actually Baer, for all his pretended toughness and ferocity, is a generous and good-natured fellow, and one of the most chivalrous fighters the ring has known. He hates hurting the other fellow unnecessarily, and although for a few terrible seconds he battered Schmeling mercilessly, he suddenly turned to the referee with a murmured entreaty: "For God's sake stop it. He's all in."

Baer could have earned big money in any one of half a dozen professions. As a night club compère this talented young man, who started out in life as a cattle slaughterer, is up in the Jack Benny class, and he has probably earned more from his cabaret, radio and film engagements than he has in the ring.

Ballyhoo Expert

He could have made a fortune in the publicity business too, for there is no one more skilled in the subtle art of ballyhoo than Maxie. At one time he had the interior of the biggest and most luxurious of his limousines fitted with special lighting, so that all the folk could see him in the limelight as he swept down Broadway at night. It was his idea, too, to dress his chauffeur in a magnificent Cossack's uniform to attract attention, and no newspaper man has ever interviewed Baer without going away with a story that would hit the headlines.

Yet he still remains one of the most spectacular fighters and biggest box-office draws since Jack Dempsey.

Unpredictable he will always be. He will fight with serious concentration in one contest and clown his way through a more important bout; but on one thing you can safely bet your money—winning or losing, he will ever be the same smiling, light-hearted Maxie.

For all his jester's cap and bells, he is no fighting fool.

The Last Laugh

JESSIE (Tottenham).—"When he tried to kiss me in the car I decided he wasn't the man I thought he was." Had you got into the wrong car?

G. A. (Everton).—"My girl friend's father is very careless of his appearance." Is he always showing up at the wrong moment?

D. A. (Lampeter).—"Times have changed. In the good old days a man who saved money was a miser." Now he's a blooming wonder.

R. V. (Hoxton).—"We have a flat on the second floor and refuse to move just because the landlord wants it." That's your storey and you're sticking to it?

Mrs. R. (Portamouth).—"I've noticed quite a difference since I've been on a diet." Has your husband been taking you out to dinner more often?

R. A. E. (Ettrick).—"I'm going to marry a young engine-driver. Do you think a man in his walk of life will make a good husband?" Well, he's not likely to go off the rails.

F. A. (Barnsley).—"When I have half an hour to spare I go round to my friend Joe, who is a very busy manufacturer these days." People who have half an hour to spare usually spend it with those who haven't.

★ ★ ★

T. C. (Heston).—"Scientists are wonderful people. I cannot understand how they are able to find new planets." Oh, that's easy enough to understand. What beats us is how they know the names of 'em.

JACK (Chester).—"I'm going all out for the limelight. I want to get somewhere—leave my footprints on the sands of time." Fine. But be very careful about your fingerprints, won't you?

D. B. (Retford).—"What can one do with a car if there is no petrol obtainable in the district?" Push it.

T. C. (Kintbury).—"I cannot understand people shaking in their shoes during an air raid. No one will ever find me doing that." You always wear boots?

L. D. (Bingley).—"I remember when we were youngsters we used to look for mites in cheese with a microscope." And now you need a microscope to see the cheese.

R. T. (Godalming).—"I told a very pretty girl recently that I would go to the end of the world for her, and what do you think she wanted to know?" Whether you would stay there?

C. A. (Perth).—"You couldn't expect the B.B.C. to get as many letters from Scotland as from England, could you?" No; but more postcards.

★ ★ ★

N. S. (Kettering).—"If a man has had too much to drink, the best thing to do is to take a walk in the country among the green fields." Provided, of course, that there are no pink elephants grazing in them.

B. K. (Criccieth).—"A young man is always compelled to explain his financial position to his prospective father-in-law." Unless, of course, the girl is his bank manager's daughter.

D. T. (Dulwich).—"I consider myself very lucky. I know a married woman whose husband is out of town most of the time." Your wife?

P. R. (Rickmansworth).—"If I could only get somebody to invest £250 in my proposition, I am certain I'd make some money." Yes, £250.

F. T. (Burton).—"People admire the sword hanging on the wall of my lounge. I'll certainly never forget the occasion on which I drew it." In a local raffle?

C. M. (Leeds).—"Believe it or not, but when I married my husband I didn't know what he was getting." Nor did he.

C. C. (Hildenborough).—"A really first-class guide must be able to sound his aitches." So that, when necessity arises, he can tell a person where to go to.

L. B. (Epsom).—"I am sorry racing is curtailed, for I used to be a bold punter who never had cold feet." But often sore ones?

★ ★ ★

F. W. (Edwinstowe).—"I paid for a pedigree dog, but they delivered the most mixed-up mongrel you ever saw in your life. I've been sold a pup." Are you sure? Hadn't you better examine his teeth?

T. P. (Coulsdon).—"There's a man in our street who has appeared the last few mornings wearing one glove. I should think he's lost one." Or found one.

TOMMY (Croydon). — "Mother says I should always give up my seat to a grown-up person, but it never pains me to see a man reaching for a strap." Not even at home?

L. P. (Wormwood Scrubs).—"And why do you suppose I am staying in a prison cell?" Because they've locked the door.

P. M. (Warlingham). — "They tell me you smoke cigarettes in a very long holder. Why?" Because our doctor told us to keep as far away from tobacco as possible.

T. M. (Saxmundham).—"After a really tiring day's work, any sort of cushion is better than nothing." What about a pin-cushion?

SARAH (Finsbury).—"My mistress actually dismissed me for being economical." She caught you wearing her clothes?

OLD LAG (Brixton).—"I told the judge I was down and out." And now you're merely down again.

F. J. (Reading).—"I hear you went out shooting with my notorious friend Jenkins last week-end. Did you have any luck?" Yes. He only hit us once.

RECRUIT (Aldershot).—"The sergeant cursed me up hill and down dale for standing behind a horse. He said it might have kicked me in the head." Well, naturally he didn't want a lame horse on his hands.

B. T. (Manchester).—"Teachers have told me that a fool can ask questions that a wise man can't answer." Now we know why we failed in some of our exams.

J. T. (Purley).—"The enclosed bit of steak was so tough that we're sending it to you to sole your shoes with." An excellent idea—but unfortunately the nails wouldn't go through it.

★ ★ ★

G. K. (Pontefract).—"Some of the modern writers ought to lift their minds out of the gutter." That's right. After all, we must keep our gutters clean.

ACTOR (Maida Vale).—"I was rather disappointed with my acting in the new dramatic show. The audience were not exactly fired." But you were?

O. T. (Uttoxeter).—"He said we would be friends to the end, but when I asked him for the loan of £1 things were different." Well, that was the end.

MIRIAM B. (Fulham).—"What men can see in modern stage dancing I can't make out." Legs, lassie.

(Side-Slips: See page 19)

OLD BILL: By Bruce Bairnsfather

"'Ere! Less noise! They'll spot me in a minute!"

THEY MAY RAISE THE JAM RATION

PREPARATIONS are now in full swing for the biggest co-operative food preserving effort ever attempted in this country.

In addition to commercial canning and preserving, housewives of every class, in every corner of the country, are uniting in a great national movement to save every ounce of home-grown fruit.

Although the majority are busy women, with hardly a moment to spare, they will give their services free to make the preserves that you and I will be eating next winter.

Trust Betrayed

Already there are 600,000 cans, 2,000,000 jam-jar covers and 1,000,000 labels waiting.

Many people were disappointed to hear that there would be no allocation of sugar this year for domestic preserving.

The true reason for Lord Woolton's decision is that his trust was betrayed.

Last year 80,000 tons of sugar were taken from the nation's store-cupboard to provide the 4 lb. per head allocated for home preserving. That should have meant about 358,000,000 lb. of jam—but nothing like this amount was made.

A contrast was the co-operative jam-making carried out by the National Federation of Women's Institutes. Although there was no allocation of sugar for soft fruits, and preserving did not begin until July, 1,631 tons of jam were made at the centres.

This year Ministry of Food officials, realising that allocating sugar for domestic preserving was simply permitting unfair distribution of a rationed food, decided to try a communal effort.

It has been decided that centres shall be available in every district where people can take the fruit from their gardens, however small the quantity, to be preserved. In order to save expense, existing organisations are to be used. In the urban districts the Co-operative Women's Guilds, Townswomen's Guilds, Women's Section of the British Legion, National Council of Social Services, and the Women's Voluntary Services, are setting up centres.

In the rural areas, where obviously the greatest amount of preserving will be done, Women's Institutes are undertaking the work. As an official remarked, "There are no privileges for Institute members. We are simply putting our organisation at the service of the Government and our centres will be open to anyone who wishes to bring fruit.

"In fact, as a safeguard, it has been decreed that there must be some non-members on every Women's Institute Committee, to watch the interests of the village as a whole."

Already there are organisations in 5,700 villages, and more will be established. At present the County Federations are not only asking all villages to set up Centres, they are making lists from maps, so that the tiniest hamlet shall not be missed.

In one county, for example, twenty-four people have been appointed. Each one of these will have to visit four or five villages, interview the leaders of local organisations, seeking their co-operation.

Making it Known

Public meetings will be arranged at which the scheme will be described. When a committee has been elected for each centre, equipment will be thoroughly overhauled and necessary additions made.

Cans and jars will be supplemented by gallon jars to be used for pulping.

The fruit which the women contribute will be paid for at local wholesale rates, and the jam will be sold under similar conditions.

Now for the complaints:

Every woman wants her own jam, made in her own way, but retailers want a guaranteed standard. Can you imagine a village store with plum jam made in a hundred different ways?

As one Institute expert said, "Whenever home-made jam is imperfect, the housewife always says that her family like it better thin or very stiff, as the case may be."

The services of the jam-makers are given free and this means six days a week work during the peak season. Profits made by the centre go first for the purchase of further equipment, and there must always be cash in hand for the immediate purchase of fruit.

Volunteer Workers

After these expenses are met there is sometimes a suggestion from the committee that some payment should be made to the workers. But although many are labourers' wives, to whom every penny means something, they always insist that surplus cash shall go to war charities and comforts fund.

The eventual allotment of the jam has not been decided upon. The present ration of ¼ lb. per head per month is regarded as rock bottom, but much, of course, depends upon the fruit crop.

However, countrywomen feel that they should be allowed rather more jam than housewives in urban districts. First there are evacuee children to feed. And in towns one can buy cakes with jam fillings, tarts and pastries, mostly unobtainable in the country.

In return for their self-sacrifice and hard work, the village women will look to Lord Woolton for a square deal.

RESULT of "BULLETS" 1,208.

£100 FIRST PRIZE: T. Hudson, 68, Springwell Road, Bootle.
Example: DOGS OF WAR
Bullet: ALL HITLER EVER "LIBERATED"

£50 Second Prize: P. Harvey, 13, Beverley Road, Market Weighton, York.
Example: On The Garden Front
Bullet: "Victory" I'm Doubtful About!

£10 Third Prize: Mrs. Moore, 159, Green Lane, Coventry.
Example: Sons Of The Empire
Bullet: "Mother's Boys" What's Tough.

£5: F. T. Jones, c/o Valentine's Stores, 3-4, Broad Street, Ludlow. (P.C.)
In A Fury—John—House Doubly Calmness.

£4: A. R. Tennant, 77, Caledon Road, Nottingham. (P.C.)
Working Overtime—Willingly, Smith—Willy-nilly, Schmidt.

£3: J. Parkin, Smithy Lane, Aughton, Ormskirk, Lancs.
Just A John—One-man? Shelter Was, Once!

£2: J. P. Kerr, 9, Stephen Street, Hartford, Cramlington, Northumberland. (P.C.)
Across The Atlantic—"Rich Uncle"—Humanity's Benefactor.

30s.: I. O. John, "Tranoweth," Coreway, Sidford, Sidmouth.
Cure For The Blues—When Nazi "Head Swings."

38s.: K. Tresham, 310, Billing Road East, Northampton.
Dad's Pals—Helping *Mother Out*, Now!

37s.: W. G. Dunn, 47, The Avenues, Norwich, Norfolk.
Just A John—Now, Hitler's "Satanic Word."

36s.: Miss A. M. Lockhart, 64, Park Road, Southend-on-Sea.
Thanks To Weather—"*This* Grow *Rasher*, O!"

35s.: T. Wilson, c/o Liddle, 213, Leith Walk, Leith.
Across The Atlantic—*Never* "*War* God's Country."

34s.: Miss M. Reddington, 5, Windsor Road, Linacre Lane, Bootle. (P.C.)
He's A Brassbat, So—Even Chin "Forces Throws"!

33s.: A. L. Farthing, 56, Green Lane, New Eltham, S.E.
Just A John—Slow-Slow—Until He's Repealed.

32s.: E. Wilds, 27, Guisborough Street, Sunderland.
Place In The Armchair—Fussy's—Grandpa's Now, Beef!

31s.: Mrs. E. Hill, 18, Northampton Road, Broughton, Kettering.
On The Garden Front—Dad—Needs "Big Push"!

A list of 4 Winners of 30s. and 100 Winners of Collections of Vegetable Seeds can be seen at these offices. The 1,000 Merit Awards have also been posted. Letters "P.C." after winner's name indicate successful effort was submitted on Prize Coupon.

EXTRA AWARDS VALUE UP TO £20 Each of the 40 child winners who entered 4 or more Bullets for this contest will receive a Special Bonus Award value 10/-

ENTRY-FEE Use P.O. or Stamps—6d. for each 2 BULLETS. Pay for 4—get 2 FREE.

TO WIN A "BULLETS" PRIZE—

SIMPLY jot down your first ideas and rough comments against any of the *Examples*. Now develop these into prize-worthy *Bullets* by adjusting the wording, improving and polishing it as much as you can and, at the same time, cutting each comment down to TWO, THREE or FOUR words only.

Make sure that each *Bullet* fits its *Example* well and aim at the simplicity and sparkle you see in the latest prize-winning *Bullets* in this column.

Get busy on your *Bullets* right away if you want that £100 Joy Wire on Friday, May 23.

YOU CAN BE NEXT for a BIG CHEQUE!

'JOHN BULL' PRIZES VALUE OVER £4,000 ALREADY WON THIS YEAR

ONE WEEK BULLETS 1st

£100 CASH for 2, 3 or 4 Words on COUPON BELOW

£20 £10 100/- 80/- 60/- 40/- 39/- 36/- 31/- 36/- 35/- 3 of 30/- 25 of 10/-

1,500 Merit Awards

LAST DAY to POST for these PRIZES—MONDAY, MAY 12

USE any of these "EXAMPLES"

FOR KING AND COUNTRY
NATION OF HOOLIGANS
THE ALLIES
TOWER OF STRENGTH
SONNY'S FUTURE
RUSHED THROUGH
FULL OF BEANS
WHILE YOU WORK
LIKE A GIANT
SHE WAS A DREAM, BUT
DOING HER BIT
WINKED AT
EVERYWHERE
FAIR PLAY
JAM
THE ENEMY
ABLAZE
GENERAL MUDDLE
PROPAGANDA MACHINE
JUST AS AN AFTERTHOUGHT

Fix "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line.

Looking At..... | Woke ..... Up
Waiting For..... | When .... Smiled
Take Care Of.. And | Listening To .....

RULES

1. First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges, in consultation with the Editor, is the best *Bullet* received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every *Bullet* received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Postal Order or Stamps must be enclosed for entry-fee. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross / & Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EX. .....
B. .....
EX. .....
B. .....

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at rate of 6d. for each two paid *Bullets* on this coupon.

Signed .....

Address .....

P.O. Value..... No.....

1,272 Closing Postmark MON., MAY 12

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

LAST 2 EFFORTS FREE WITH 4 PAID, THUS GIVING 6 SHOTS FOR 1s. EXTRA 3 EFFORTS ON PLAIN PAPER—6d. ONLY.

DON'T MISS YOUR "BULLETS" BULLETIN

YOU are invited to affix 1d. stamp in space provided and then make sure of your "Bullets" Bulletin containing hints to help you win. Do not miss this opportunity to secure your 3,500-Word Guide to success.

Affix 1d. STAMP for copy of "Bullets" BULLETIN

ADDRESS ENTRY: "Bullets" No. 1,272, "John Bull" Long Acre, London, W.C.2. (Comp.). | **EXTRA ENTRIES ACCEPTED ON PLAIN PAPER.**

John Bull's Great New Pen Offer

A FREE 2/6 GIFT VOUCHER

The Gift Voucher will be accepted as 2/6 cash in part payment of the famous "JOHN BULL" 5/9 lever-filling fountain pen. The raven-black pen, handsomely chased, with its graceful streamline effect, delights the eye. The 14-ct. solid gold nib is tipped with iridium. A safety pocket clip is included.

or

You may have the DE-LUXE MODEL—UNBREAKABLE—fitted with a heavier 14-ct. solid gold nib and embellished with two 18-ct. R.G. bands, 1/6 extra.

CASH THIS VOUCHER

John Bull GIFT VOUCHER VALUE 2/6

This Gift Voucher will be accepted as 2/6 cash in part payment of a famous "John Bull" Pen.

Only one voucher will be accepted in part payment of each pen.

WHAT OUR READERS SAY!

"1915 AND STILL GOING STRONG"

Miss A. A. Shepherd, 22/12/40
Briarwood,
Leascale,
Cumberland, writes:—

"I see one reader says he has used one for 14 years, but I can say more, I have used this 'JOHN BULL' pen I am writing with since 1915!!!"

THIS IS TYPICAL OF THOUSANDS RECEIVED

YOU CANNOT AFFORD TO MISS this golden opportunity of securing a gift of great practical value for yourself or a friend in the Forces. Applications will be dealt with in strict rotation.

POST at ONCE!

"JOHN BULL'S" PRESENTATION COUPON

To "John Bull" Pen Dept., 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

(1) I enclose Gift Voucher value 2/6 which please accept in part payment of the "John Bull" 5/9 lever-filling pen. I enclose P.O. for 3/6 plus 3d. for postage and insurance, making 4/6 in all.

OR

(2) I enclose Gift Voucher value 2/6 which please accept in part payment of the "John Bull" lever-filling pen, DE-LUXE model. I enclose P.O. for 4/6 plus 3d. for postage and insurance, making 5/- in all.

FINE—MEDIUM—BROAD—OBLIQUE. Cross out grades of nib NOT required.

NAME .....

FULL POSTAL ADDRESS ..... (Write Clearly in Block Letters. 3.5.41.)

.....

Cross Cheque or Postal Order /& Co./ and make payable to "John Bull."

For the BLOOD, VEINS, ARTERIES and HEART

Elasto
Tablets
ELASTO RESTORES THE NATURAL POWER OF HEALING TO THE BLOOD.
The NEW ERA TREATMENT CO. LTD.
CECIL HOUSE HOLBORN VIADUCT
LONDON. E.C.1.

Sold by Chemists Everywhere!

Elasto
REGISTERED

The Wonder Tablet

Take it—and Stop Limping

EVERY sufferer should test this wonderful new Biomedical Remedy which brings quick relief from pain and weariness and creates within the system a new health force; overcoming sluggish, unhealthy conditions, increasing vitality and arousing to full activity the inherent healing powers of the body. No ailment resulting from poor or sluggish circulation of the blood can resist the curative action of 'Elasto.' Varicose veins are restored to a healthy condition, the heart becomes steady, the arteries supple, skin troubles clear up, leg wounds (bad leg) *heal naturally and the cure is lasting*, piles vanish, and rheumatism, in all its forms, is literally swept out of the system. This is not magic, *although the relief does seem magical*; it is the natural result of revitalised blood and improved circulation brought about by 'Elasto'—*the tiny tablet with wonderful healing powers.*

Not a Drug, But a Vital Cell-Food!

What is 'Elasto'? This question is fully answered in an interesting Booklet, which explains in simple language this amazing new method of *curing through the blood.* Your copy is free, together with a generous Free Sample (see coupon below). Suffice it to say here that 'Elasto' is not a drug, but a vital cell-food, which must be present in the blood to ensure complete health. It restores to the blood the vital elements which combine with the blood albumin to form organic elastic tissue and thus enables *Nature* to restore elasticity to the broken-down and devitalised fabric of veins, arteries and heart, and so to re-establish normal, healthy circulation, *without which there can be no true healing!* The health of every organ and tissue of the body depends upon healthy cellular activity, and to ensure this, vigorously circulating oxygen-rich blood is absolutely essential. NINE TIMES OUT OF TEN THE REAL TROUBLE IS BAD CIRCULATION.

Read What Users of 'Elasto' Say!

- *"No sign of varicose veins now."*
- *"My Doctor highly praises 'Elasto'."*
- *"Varicose veins quickly cured after 12 years of useless bandaging."*
- *"As soon as I started taking 'Elasto' I could go about my work in comfort, no pain whatever."*
- *"'Elasto' has quite cured my eczema."*
- *"For seven years my leg had been running from four varicose ulcers and I cannot describe the pain I suffered. Now they have all healed and my general health has greatly improved due to the wonderful qualities of 'Elasto'."*
- *"My piles are gone; my legs are better, and I feel fitter in my general health."*
- *"Suffered for years from a weak heart, but 'Elasto' cured me."*
- *"The swelling from ankles to thighs has entirely gone, and I can do a full day's work keeping on my legs all day."*
- *"I have suffered years of agony with varicose veins and phlebitis, but thanks to 'Elasto,' my leg is now completely cured."*
- *"Had rheumatism so badly I could hardly walk, but 'Elasto' cured me."*
- *"The stinging sensation I used to get in my left arm and leg (arterio-sclerosis) is quite gone and my general health is much improved."*
- *"My skin is as soft as velvet, thanks to 'Elasto'."*
- *"It is wonderful to be free from that terrible pain and to be able to walk upstairs without getting short of breath."*
- *"I was in awful agony and could not walk. My family and friends are astounded; the results are magic."*
- *"Lumbago cured after three years of suffering, age 66."*
- *"Cured my sciatica 12 months ago, still quite fit." Etc., etc.*

THESE extracts are taken from letters received from grateful people who KNOW, who have tested and proved for themselves the extraordinary health-restoring powers of 'ELASTO'—the wonderful new Biomedical Remedy. We guarantee the authenticity of every extract quoted.

Stagnation Means Decay!

SOME of the most painful and distressing ailments that afflict mankind are the direct result of poor or sluggish circulation of the blood. Take, for example, that very common disability, varicose veins. Here we have one of the physical consequences of cell-starvation, a weakening of the vein walls and of the surrounding tissues due to an impoverished blood supply brought about by a stagnating blood stream, or, in other words, bad circulation. In all diseased conditions, no matter what the ailment may be, the blood stream is at fault and no treatment can give lasting results if this all-important fact is overlooked. Keep the blood free-running like a deep, fast-flowing river, enrich it with the necessary elements for cell building and for the removal of toxic waste materials, and health MUST result. NINE TIMES OUT OF TEN THE REAL TROUBLE IS BAD CIRCULATION.

FREE

A Generous Sample of this Wonder Remedy

Fill in This Coupon

for a Free Sample and a Free Booklet fully explaining 'Elasto'—the new Biomedical Remedy. These, with copies of recent testimonials, we will gladly send privately, postfree. Don't lose another moment! Write for these to-day—NOW, WHILE YOU THINK OF IT, AND SEE FOR YOURSELF WHAT A WONDERFUL DIFFERENCE 'ELASTO' MAKES!!

This offer is too good to be missed! ★

'ELASTO' (DEPT. 15.B.), CECIL HOUSE, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON, E.C.

'Elasto' is sold by Chemists Everywhere.

JOHN BULL COUPON

for Free Trial Sample of 'Elasto' ★

'ELASTO' (Dept. 15.B), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Please send me Free Sample and Special Free Booklet, "The Story of 'Elasto'," fully explaining how 'Elasto,' The Great Blood Revitaliser, cures through the blood.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

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J.B. No. 3542. *Issued by the New Era Treatment Co., Ltd.*

'Elasto' will save you pounds!

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